

# ROLLING STONE

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## THE YEAR IN REVIEW & The Rolling Stone Awards

### SIEGE OF FILLMORE EAST

Big Pink Band Ready For  
3 New LP's & Concerts

Memphis Debut of Janis Joplin  
Report From Miami Pop Festival

Computer Art  
Dino Valente &  
The Usual Crew

JIMI HENDRIX:  
PERFORMER OF THE YEAR





HENRY DILTZ

Opening Day Crowd at the Miami Pop Festival—A Report on Page 6

## THE MEMPHIS DEBUT OF THE JANIS JOPLIN REVUE

BY STANLEY BOOTH

"Janis," I said, "I'm going to write a little something for ROLLING STONE about your new band's debut in Memphis, and—"

"ROLLING STONE? Those shits! They don't know what's happening, they're out in San Francisco feeling smug because they think they're where it's at. This is where it's at, Memphis!"

MEMPHIS — People say that Janis Joplin is the best white female blues singer of our time, but what other white girl sings blues? The remarkable thing about Janis Joplin is that she is a real blues singer, in "our" time, when imitations are good enough for most people. She has, like all true originals, a strong sense of tradition, and Memphis is the blues singers' La Scala—the Gateway to the Mississippi Delta, where Furry Lewis, Mississippi John Hurt, Memphis Minnie,

Gus Cannon, Butterfly Washington, Howlin' Wolf, Sonny Boy Williamson, Bukka White, John Lee Hooker, Muddy Waters, and B. B. King made their earlier recordings; where Johnny Cash, Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, Roy Orbison, and Elvis Presley made their yellow Sun records, and where, in recent years, Otis Redding, Booker T. and the MG's, Wilson Pickett, Sam and Dave, Eddie Floyd, and Rufus and Carla Thomas have recorded their great soul music. (Aretha Franklin cuts in New York, but with musicians flown up from Memphis.)

So it was important to Janis Joplin, the only outside act invited to the Second Annual Stax/Volt Yuletide Thing, that she do well. And did she? Backstage after it was all over, she said, "At least they didn't throw things." Janis Joplin died in Memphis, but it wasn't her fault.

The Yuletide Thing was scheduled for Saturday night, December 21, at the Memphis Mid-South Coliseum. Miss Jop-

lin had left Big Brother and the Holding Company and was rehearsing with a new group of musicians but not until Wednesday, December 18, when Mike Bloomfield came to San Francisco, acting on orders from manager Albert Grossman to help with arrangements and pull the act together, did the Janis Joplin Revue achieve any sort of unity. They rehearsed on Wednesday and Thursday in San Francisco, and on Friday afternoon in the B studio at the Stax/Volt Recording Company in Memphis. They had come to Memphis a day early to attend a Christmas cocktail party at the home of Stax president Jim Stewart.

It was the smallest and most prestigious Memphis Sound party of recent years, a Stax family affair with just a few carefully selected outside guests. There were tables laden with great bowls of fat pink shrimp, chafing dishes with bacon-wrapped chicken livers, all sorts of sandwiches dyed red and green for Christ-

mas, and plate after plate of olives, candies, and other trifles. In one corner a large Christmas tree was standing, its colored lights blinking off and on. Some of the guests were sitting on the leopard-print couches, some on the thick red rug. Isaac Hayes and David Porter, authors of "Soul Man," "Hold On, I'm Comin'," and other Sam and Dave hits, were there, Hayes dressed all in black, Porter in red. Steve Cropper, Stax producer and MG's guitarist, was wearing a black cut-velvet suit and green ruffled shirt. (He plans, by the way, to start work early in 1969 on his long-awaited guitar album, which will probably include "What Becomes of the Broken-Hearted," "Soul Strut," and, no kidding, "Green Tambourine.") Donald "Duck" Dunn, the MG's wonderful red-bearded bass player, refused the bar's fine whiskey and drank Budweiser. "I can drink this till nine in the mornin', and I can't that

—Continued on Page 4



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## CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:

The first day the new Beatles album came out here, in Seattle, it was being played in a record store. I went in to dig it. I was just standing there, toward the back of the store, the record was groovy, and I was feeling good. Two cops came in. I was thinking how incongruous they were in the record store, with everyone just standing around digging the Beatles.

Anyhow, I was listening to the music, feeling better and better and digging the two cops as they walked up the aisle, wondering what the hell they were doing there. When they reached me, one got on each side of me, and the shorter one said, "Okay fella, where is it?"

"Where's what," I'm thinking—"drugs? But I haven't got anything on me and haven't even been near any of the junkie types on the avenue."

"We got a report that you're carrying a gun or a big knife in your back pocket. Where is it?"

"Hey, all I have in my back pocket is my copy of Rolling Stone. Look!" And I showed it to them.

"Where did you put it? Turn around, put your hands up on the counter." They frisked me, looked for my "gun" under records, etc., and then they mumbled an apology and split. All this while the Beatles were playing!

So I got roused for having a copy of Rolling Stone in my back pocket. (Not even the issue that was banned here). Pretty weird, no?

JOHN GRAHAM  
SEATTLE, WASH.

SIRS:

This is to notify you to discontinue and return balance due on subscription to ROLLING STONE as of now period. Never again send an issue to this address.

We wish no more correspondence with you. I prefer to tell my children about our decaying morality today in my own way.

All I can say is it was regrettable that they were exposed to this type of material before I knew of the subscription. They would have certainly never

subscribed if I had known about it.

Do not, and I mean *do not*, send ROLLING STONE to my daughter. She and her younger sister are very embarrassed and disappointed in your publication. Keep it *under ground* and *bury it*. Never and I mean *never* send that thing to this address again. Trash! Trash! Trash!

MRS. MARSHA ANN BOOTH  
CHAGRIN FALLS, OHIO

SIRS:

My 21-year-old son just brought home the latest copy of ROLLING STONE (No. 24, December 21). I can't tell you how much I enjoyed it! I especially liked the article on the Beatles by Jann Wenner.

My son played their new album for me, and I agreed heartily with the interesting comments. Is there any way I can find out who does the singing on "Why Don't We Do It In The Road," most of his friends say it's one or the other, but they are not sure!

MRS. B. FERSHLEISER  
BRONX, N.Y.

*Sung by Paul McCartney. He also played most of the instruments as well.*

SIRS:

I think if John Lennon were to read Jann Wenner's article on the Beatles, he would vomit. Rarely has it been my misfortune to read such pompous bullshit. Perfection is something that is unattainable, even for the exalted Beatles.

R. J. M. KELLY  
EL CERRITO, CALIF.

SIRS:

It doesn't take any trying to figure out the Beatles' "Glass Onion" if one understands anything about transcendental meditation. Written in India, Lennon's song is able to capture all of life with a beautiful visual analogy: glass onion is like the many layers of creation, pervaded by the Absolute—the source of all constantly changing existence. Having one's self rooted in inner pure consciousness, one "stands on a cast iron shore," his life now in harmony like a "dove-tailed-joint" (a cabinet-maker's

term for the close-fitting of two perpendicular pieces of wood).

As Lennon pointed out in a previous ROLLING STONE article, India was the most profound experience of his life. It's too bad he can't be regular in practice, it would keep his ship better anchored in the storms.

Just ask him, he'll tell you.

JOE CLARKE  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

SIRS:

Jann Wenner is full of bullshit. Granted the new Beatle album is a gas and their best so far, but why take the ultra-defensive attitude? And why is it necessary to make bullshit claims about the album containing "every part of extant Western music"? And why is he so down on the idea of "going back to rock and roll," since this is obviously what the album is about, as Lennon made clear in the interview you ran a couple of issues back?

Wenner doesn't like the critic who put down the Beatle album as being neither as good as *Cheap Thrills* or the new *Blood, Sweat and Tears* album. True, it's not logical to belittle a work's virtues by comparing them to the different achievements of another work, right? So this is exactly what Wenner does in putting down *Ruben and the Jets* and the *Turtles' The Battle of the Bands*.

Why not let Wenner empty your wastebaskets or something? His reviews are a drag.

JOHN BARTHOLOMEW  
FORT WORTH, TEXAS

SIRS:

Thank you for the beautiful thing you have done with ROLLING STONE. It is our favorite periodical. Ralph Gleason is, in my opinion, the most perceptive social commentator in the country. We particularly liked your long essay on the Beatles album. Your loving comments have added to our pleasure in listening to the album. Keep growing, it's beautiful to watch you do it.

TIMOTHY LEARY  
MOUNTAIN CENTER, CALIF.





Janis with Rufus Thomas

## JOPLIN'S DEBUT AT STAX

—Continued from Page One  
other," Duck explained. "Course, I'll feel this till nine tomorrow night."

Into this pleasant scene Janis and her band descended, making hardly a ripple. One of the outside guests, somebody's wife, did discover, not who Janis was, but that she was *somebody*, and asked for an autograph. "It's for my son, Barney," the woman said. "That's B-a-r-n-e-y." Janis signed a slip of paper and gave it to the woman, who was not satisfied. "No," she said, "It's got to say, 'To Barney, B-a-r-n-e-y.'" Janis took the paper and started again to write. "That's B-a-r-n-e-y, Barney," the woman said. "I know," Janis told her, "how to spell Barney."

Memphis had not known what to expect of Janis Joplin, this "hippie queen." There was some fear that she might turn out to be blatantly unprofessional, as so many people are in contemporary popular music. It was a relief, then, backstage the next night at the Yuletide Thing, to see that she was wearing makeup and a cerise jersey pants-suit with bursts of cerise feathers at the cuffs. She looked like a girl who was ready to go out and entertain the people.

Mike Bloomfield had come into town and spent the day working with the band, and Albert Grossman himself was on hand to see how things went. They might have gone beautifully. The Janis Joplin Revue was set to appear after all the other acts except Johnny Taylor, a minor Stax artist whose recent million-selling single, "Who's Making Love," earned him the closing spot.

I was in a corridor backstage, talking with Mike Bloomfield, Steve Cropper, and Duck Dunn, when the first act, the re-formed Bar-Kays (four of the instrumental group's original members died the year before in the airplane crash that also killed Otis Redding) came out of their dressing room wearing zebra-striped flannel jumpsuits. Bloomfield's eyes widened. It was the first sign of the cultural gap that was to increase as the evening progressed.

The thing is, a stage act in Memphis, Tennessee (or, as the famous Stax marquee puts it, "Soulsville, U.S.A.") is not the same as a stage act in San Francisco, Los Angeles, or New York. These days a lot of people think if a fellow comes on stage wearing black vinyl pants, screams that he wants to fuck his poor old mother, then collapses, that's a stage act; but in Memphis, if you can't do the Sideways Pony, you just don't have a stage act.

The Bar-Kays did the Pony, they boogalooed, stomped, hunched, screwed each other with guitars, did the 1957 Royales act at triple the 1957 speed, were loud, lewd, and a general delight. After three songs they were followed by Albert King and his funky blues, but they came back, now dressed all in red, to boogaloo behind the Mad Lads, William Bell, Judy Clay, and Rufus and Carla Thomas. Rufus, "The Dog," and his beautiful daughter, who was wearing a rhinestone-encrusted turquoise gown, sang "The Night Time Is the Right Time," and did a dance that stopped just short of incest. Members of Janis Joplin's Revue watched from the wings, shaking their heads.

After a brief intermission, Booker T. and the MG's appeared and played, as they always do, impeccably. They ac-

companied the next act, the Staple Singers, who did "For What It's Worth," and a very moving "Ghetto." Then Eddie Floyd, who is not, by a long shot, Otis Redding, but is still a very good soul singer, came on and got the biggest audience response of the night. He opened with "Knock On Wood," and during his next song, "I Never Found a Girl," had dozens of girls coming down to the stage to touch his hand. If Janis had come on directly after he left the stage, she might have got the kind of reception she wanted. But that's not the way it happened.

When the Bar-Kays jump around in their zebra suits, and Carla Thomas does the Dog with her daddy, they are ham-boning; but then so is Frank Zappa ham-boning when he belches into the microphone at the Fillmore. The crowd at the Fillmore, East or West, expects to see a band shove equipment around the stage for ten minutes or more, "getting set up"—not being show-biz, in that context, is accepted show-biz practice.

But in Memphis, this is not what the people come to see. The warmth that Eddie Floyd's appearance had generated was dispelled while Janis' band put their instruments in order. She planned to do three songs and then encore with her specialties, "Ball and Chain," and "Piece of My Heart." Obviously she did not realize that about half the audience, the black people, had no idea who Janis Joplin was, and the other half, mostly teenaged whites, had never heard her do anything except her two best-known songs.

She opened with "Raise Your Hand," an Eddie Floyd song, and followed it with the Bee-Gees' "To Love Somebody." She sang well, in full control of her powerful voice.

The band was not together, but they all seemed to be excellent musicians, and one could predict that, given sufficient rehearsal time, they would make a great back-up band for Janis, if they did not have one basic flaw; none of them plays blues. They come from the Electric Flag, the Paupers, the Chicago Loop, and one is left over from Big Brother and the Holding Company. They can all play, but not blues, and who is there to teach them? Certainly not Mike Bloomfield, whose music, like Paul Butterfield's, is a pastiche of incompatible styles. One Memphis musician suggested that three months at Hernando's Hideaway, the Club Paradise, or any of the Memphis night spots where they frisk you before you go in, might give them an inkling as to what the blues is about. Failing that, Janis might start over with some musicians who know already how to do the Sideways Pony.

When she finished her third song and started to leave the stage, there was almost no applause, and so, of course, no encore. A few people went backstage, where everyone from the Revue was in shock, staring at the walls, and tried to tell Janis that she was not to blame for what happened. She had sung well, and the rest had been beyond her control. But she wasn't having any of it, and soon she went back to her room at the Lorraine Motel, where Martin Luther King had been killed, and where B. B. King and a lot of other blues singers had spent unhappy nights before her.

### LOWER EAST SIDE:

## Motherfuckers Hit The Fillmore East

NEW YORK — The stormy seventy-day dispute between Bill Graham's Fillmore East and the "revolutionary" segment of New York's East Village hip community finally appears to be in its waning days. This follows the dramatic confrontation between the groups led by the Motherfuckers and the management of the Fillmore East on the evening of December 26 during and after a free promotional concert given by Elektra Records for their new Detroit group, MC5.

Following Graham's public announcement that he could no longer let the theatre be used by the amorphous "community" (discontinuing the Wednesday free nights) the Motherfuckers promised retaliation. Thus, on the night of December 26, they attended the free concert in force.

The results were that Graham was attacked from behind and hit with a chain, face bloodied and nose broken, one usher got his arm broken, another person was stabbed, the MC5 was molested trying to leave the scene, equipment was stolen, projection screens slashed and theatre seats destroyed.

The damage was the work of the Motherfuckers according to Graham, using the words "filthy, low-life, scum—and a motorcycle gang, the Pagans, whom Graham claims were 'brought in to 'liberate' the Fillmore.'" Threats from the Motherfuckers also caused the cancellation of another MC5 concert, scheduled at another hall for New Year's Eve.

The background to the dispute is quite complex.

In late October, the Motherfuckers made their first demands to "liberate" the Fillmore East. Over a radio station, WBAI-FM, and in pamphlets passed out on the streets of the East Village—where Graham's eastern operation is located—they dared Graham not to give them the hall. Subsequent meetings and debates led at first nowhere, but later on into the Wednesday Free Nights situation.

According to Bob Rudnick and Dennis Frawley, rock columnists for the East Village Other, the Motherfuckers wanted the Fillmore on Wednesday nights for "free food, music, dancing, smoke, tumbling, nude dancing, and a flock of meetings, a free exchange of goods and energy."

Over the course of three or four weeks of the free Wednesdays, which were finally negotiated, neither Graham nor the Motherfuckers were satisfied that the other party was conducting itself appropriately, either with a view to the safety and future of the Fillmore East or with a view to liberation, freedom and revolution.

The "community" is difficult to define in the present situation. Says Fillmore East manager Kip Cohen: "We've been using the term—and perhaps they have—just for a definition. We're really talking about a coalition of various factions who are all working to sustain themselves as a community and to handle their exclusive problems."

"Strangely enough, the Motherfuckers, while they may not be the most passive of these factions, have become the spokesmen for the community—and the community has allowed them to become the spokesmen."

Then, on December 23, after being informed by the New York Police that he faced the possibility of losing his license to operate, Graham released an "open letter" announcing the end of the free nights. (The letter was passed out and posted on the East Village streets and released through a PR firm, the same firm which promoted the *You Are What You Eat* film.)

In his "open letter," Graham said that the police had complained about the free nights because of "smoking on the premises . . . incidents of physical confrontation, the blatant use, distribution and sale of drugs on the premises—obviously illegal."

Although a strong retaliation was made during the MC5 concert, a subsequent meeting on the morning of December 28, between Graham and the Motherfuckers, resulted in Graham's agreement to underwrite—with administrative, technical and financial help—any "constructive, realistic and lawful program" the "community" might under-

take in a new location. Many members of the "community" felt that this was an extremely fair offer. Several of the Motherfuckers did not, and continued to demand the Fillmore East.

As of the first week in January, Graham and Kip Cohen are awaiting an answer to their offer, and things for the moment, are relatively quiet.

## Police Harassment Staggers LA Clubs

LOS ANGELES — Police harassment and a subsequent lack of public support has been blamed for the closing of The Bank in nearby Torrance, one of the few rock clubs left in Los Angeles.

When the closing came during Christmas week, several other Los Angeles area clubs—Spectrum 3000 in Huntington Beach and all the clubs on the Sunset Strip—were suffering similar hassling.

The Bank, formerly the Blue Law, was the target of an apparent campaign by local police and sheriff's deputies to put the club out of business. From mid-November until closing, officers visited the club nightly, rousting and searching employees and patrons constantly. Police also patrolled the streets adjacent to the club.

Prior to the officers' visitations, The Bank was averaging more than 2,000 paid admissions a night. In two weeks' time, the average dropped to about 500, and unable to continue operation, it closed.

Even scarier is the story in Huntington Beach, where the pregnant wife of the owner of Syndicate 3000 has served a jail term for "conspiring to thwart justice," a felony charge that arose when she reported being threatened by a policeman if she didn't close down the club.

Owner of Syndicate 3000, Gilbert Covell, has filed a \$1 million suit against the city, the mayor and police chief (among others), charging they were responsible for continuous harassment and brutality; that city ordinances were applied against the club in a way not used elsewhere in the city; and that police and city officials conducted a "bad-rap" campaign against the club, telling parents and customers the club was a focal point for narcotics traffic.

Syndicate 3000 remains open, but harassment has not ceased, with several juvenile arrests being reported almost nightly.

On the Sunset Strip, meanwhile, rock clubs report business continuing good, despite a new county ordinance prohibiting adults to be on the premises of dance halls which admit minors. (This means, in effect, a 21-year-old male cannot dance with a 17-year-old date.)

Elmer Valentine, owner of the Whisky a Go Go, says the ordinance is clearly aimed at driving him and Gazzari's and the Galaxy out of business. Faced with a choice between kids and adults, Valentine gave up his dance license.

## Traffic Is Re-Born, Frog and New Name

LONDON—Traffic is dead, but the corpse is lively. Though Steve Winwood has split to find his own way, the rest of Traffic is carrying on with a new name, a returnee from Traffic past, and a new member.

New name is "Mason, Capaldi, Wood & Frog," reflecting the new lineup: Dave Mason, bass and vocals; Jim Capaldi, drums and vocals; Chris Wood, reeds; and Mick Weaver, leader of the Wynder K. Frog band, on organ, in place of Winwood. Mason had departed Traffic some months earlier in a personality dispute with Winwood. The bassist-composer says the revived group will take some new directions.

"We want to play some other people's numbers, B. B. King and things," says Dave, "not stick to things we've written ourselves. We want to go out onstage and have a happy time." Capaldi says there's little bitterness over Winwood's departure because "now we're all freer to find out directions."

Producer Jimmy Miller has taken Mason, Capaldi, Wood & Frog under his wing, and plans to record them on Island Records here. The first recording session was set for the first week in January.

Commencing March 15, the band will do a six-week tour of the United States.

In the works are ballroom, TV and college appearances. MCW&F will return to England April 28.



# Once you get used to it, his voice is really something.

Apparently, it's taking longer than we thought to get used to that voice. We put out "Randy Newman" almost a year ago. Not much happened in the record stores. When we asked him about that, our Mr. Sherman, who heads up Reprise's sales department, started changing the subject and asking when we'd be ready with the next Sinatra album.

Undaunted by this lack of rush to buy the album, we comforted ourselves with critical notices which, like they say, "glowed." We also wondered, "Are we fooling ourselves?" No, we decided, because people whose judgment we respected, like Mr. McCartney and Miss Collins and Mr. Nilsson told us "Randy Newman" was in the masterpiece category.

Where had we gone wrong?

We changed the jacket, putting the lyrics of Randy's tunes on the liner, because some people complained he sounded like Ray Charles with a sinus condition. Those people we wrote off as know nothing spoil sports. But, printing those lyrics didn't up our sales curve.

So next we wrote to people saying, listen,

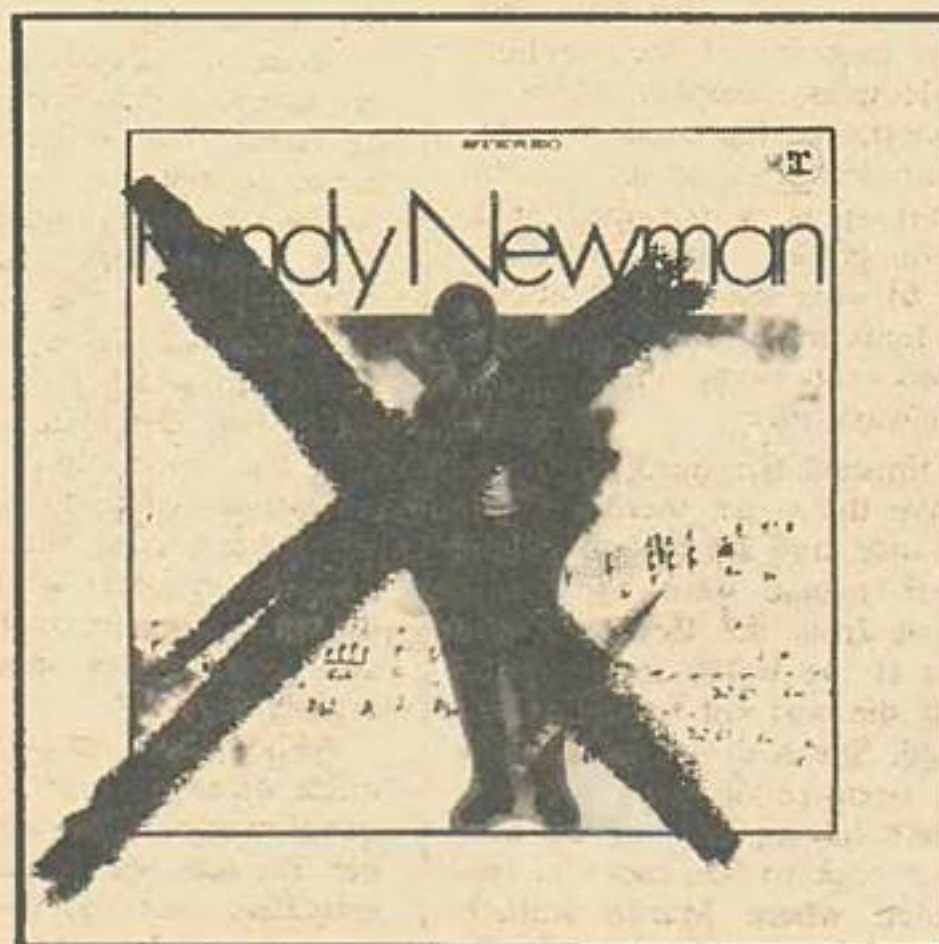
Randy's had like the #1 song in England; like at first even we didn't understand how good he is; other impressive sayings.

We're still waiting.

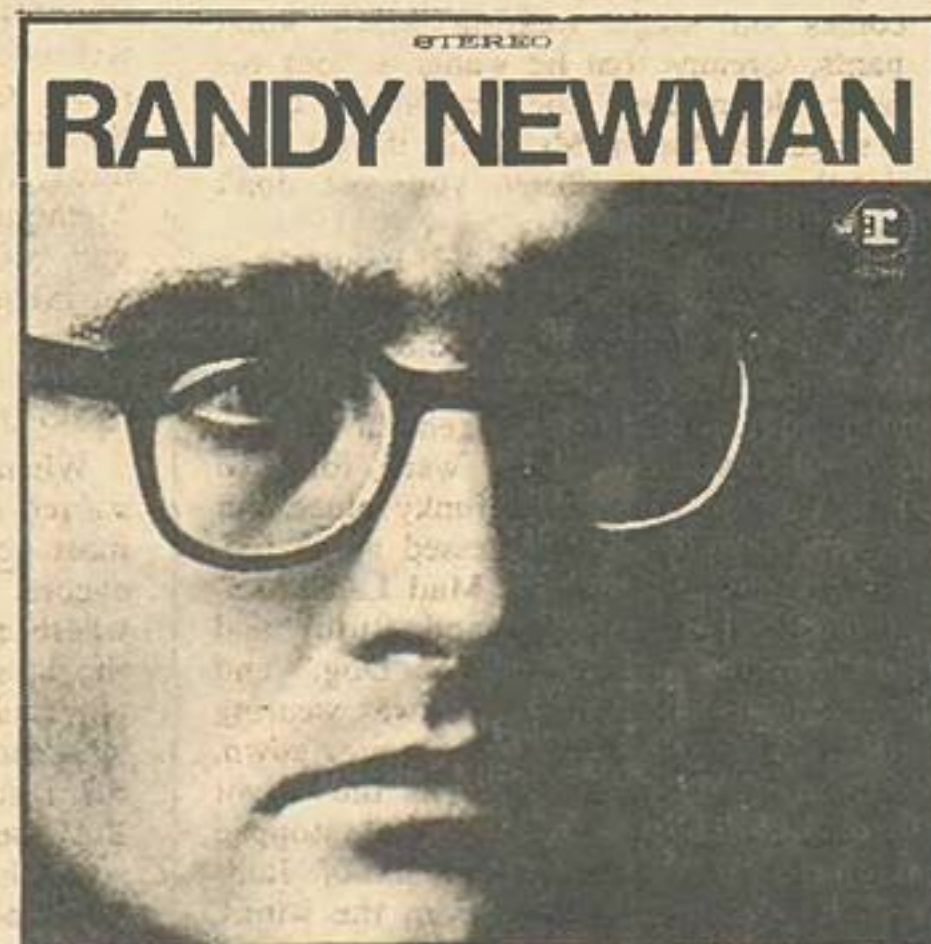
The occasion for this advertisement is that now Mr. Thrasher, our art director, has just put a new cover on the album, hoping that'll

help. For those of you who've been waiting for something big to happen to "Randy Newman," now's your chance.

But if the new cover doesn't do it, don't be discouraged. These things don't happen overnight.

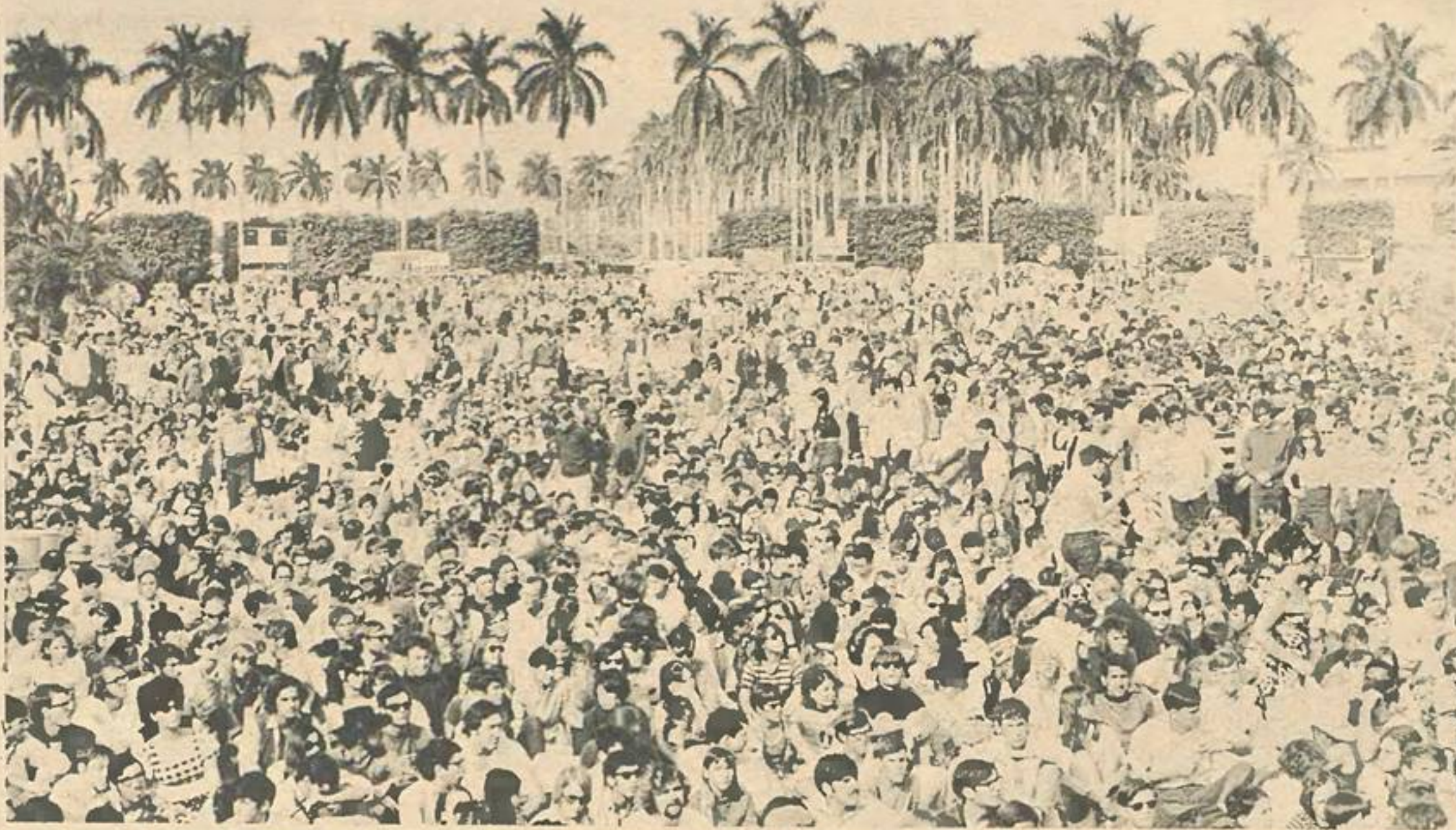


THE OLD COVER



THE NEW COVER





## MIAMI POP FESTIVAL: The Most Festive Festival of 1968

BY ELLEN SANDER

MIAMI—We arrived early, several hours before the Festival officially opened. Country Joe and the Fish were warming up on stage, taking a sound check. It was clearly audible all the way out in the parking lot and when we heard that sassy funk come beating through the sparkling Miami mid-day we knew that San Francisco soul had arrived. It was the first of hundreds of turn-ons.

The First Annual Miami Pop Festival held from Saturday, December 28, through Monday, December 30, was a monumental success in almost every aspect. Fourteen acts per day were scheduled on two stages in Gulf Stream Park from 1 to 10 p.m. Ticket price was \$7 per day. A total attendance of 99,000 (which may be gross over-estimation, according to one observer close to but not connected with the Festival who claims to have seen the figures) was posted in the press lounge. At press time, financial standing has not yet been announced.

Produced by Tom Rounds, staged by Concert Hall Publications and Chip Stage Publications in conjunction with Hanley Sound, the event was the first significant—and truly festive—international Pop Festival held on the East Coast.

The Festival flourished even with a notable lack of big names, primarily because 1968 elevated virtually no super stars. The scope of the performers booked was the impressive feature of this Festival: Folk, blues, jazz, English bands, R&B, early rock and roll, and Gospel were represented on the program as well as a solid lineup of particularly fine, if not especially well known groups, some Top Forty petty rock, and a few groups with a heavy national following, such as Procol Harum, Steppenwolf, the Butterfield Blues Band, Country Joe and the Fish (which temporarily included Jefferson Airplane bassist Jack Casady).

Particularly fine performances were given by Pacific Gas and Electric Company, a Los Angeles blues flash rock band, which performed four times during the three days, taking entire grand-

stand audiences to their feet after every song. Three Dog Night, also from Los Angeles (by way of Australia), was enormously satisfying, with excellent interpretations of material by Neil Young, Tim Hardin, Harry Nilsson and other distinguished pop song writers. Wayne Cochran played his black obsession thing to the hilt; it was hilariously absurd. Sweet Water drew a memorably loving response and Terry Reid won this audience as he won those at the farewell Cream concert with which he toured earlier in '68.

Chuck Berry did a chronological set of his old hits and a hefty blues jam. The audience was overjoyed, but Berry, seemingly peeved by the attention from fans and reporters who flocked around him after the set, split almost immediately. Buffy Sainte-Marie, still shaking after an incident in her hotel in which she had been attacked—burned on the neck with a cigaret—by a male guest at a private party into which she'd mistakenly wandered, did a chilling set. Richie Havens did one of the few encores on the crowded schedule. Flatt and Scruggs hill-billed the crowd into submission. Joni Mitchell closed her set on the Flying Stage in the meadow with a rendition of Dino Valente's "Get Together," accompanied by Richie Havens and ex-Hollie Graham Nash. Simultaneously, Steppenwolf was anticlimactically closing the evening's performances on the Flower Stage at the grandstand dressed in cop uniforms, graduation gowns and other fey apparel. Fleetwood Mac had a bad time of it also.

The Festival was intelligently laid out, spreading over hundreds of acres. By staggering performances (a forty-five minute set with a fifteen minute overlap) between both stages the flow of the crowd from one area to another was easy and bearable and it was possible, if a bit strenuous, to see everything. The timing of concerts and the accessibility of each area made for an atmosphere where each act had its own audience.

Enroute between concert areas was a display of enormous artsy-facts which could be climbed on, walked into, sat upon and danced around. An art show was on display in the lower grandstand area. Clothing and crafts concessions, a free giant Ti-Leaf slide and two painted Indian elephants were creatively situated.

The Grateful Dead, Jose Feliciano, Marvin Gaye, the Butterfield Blues

Band, Canned Heat and Junior Walker and the A'l Stars all played to dancing, ecstatic audiences. It was Ian and Sylvia's first Pop Festival and they seemed unable to relax. The Charles Lloyd Quintet demonstrated that while jazz groups may not be the biggest draw at pop festivals they really have to be represented. The James Cotton Blues Band, Hugh Masekela, the Box Tops, the Joe Tex Review, Grass Roots, the Sweet Inspirations, Iron Butterfly, the Turtles, the Cosmic Drum, and Fish Ray and the Blue Image, a local group, also performed. It was a good mix, a great show.

Moments one could have done without included a housing crisis as hundreds of rooms booked months in advance for the Festival by Diners' Clubs/Fugazi Travel Agency in Los Angeles were unavailable as performers arrived en masse (legal action is being contemplated). I had \$24.00 stolen from my wallet on Saturday. Hundreds of kids were pulled from the trunks of automobiles entering the Festival grounds.

At least two dozen arrests were made on the Festival grounds for possession, but there was no brutality or violence on anyone's part. (Still I find it hard to be thankful for small blessings when busts are involved.)

The Festival had its moments of unexpected flash. At a press conference it was announced that Apple executive Nat Weiss had spoken to the Beatles from the Festival grounds. "Hello to everyone, wish we could be there but will see you all next year because we're planning a tour" was the message conveyed.

Jams in the performers' areas were frequent and fans could listen from behind the hedge. Each time it threatened to rain music thwarted the storm. The entire area was alive with celluloid flowers, Yellow Submarine art and sparkling spinning toys which were sold and given away free. The klieg lights glistened on the tops of the palm trees in the balmy evenings and Sunday night there was a rainbow ring around the moon as the Dead played. People blew moon-colored bubbles. A Moonfire contingent charged into the area in front of the stage doing a Victory through Vegetables jubilee.

Fred Neil, living in nearby Coconut Grove, showed up Monday night to say hello. Unfortunately, there was no chance to get him on the program, but he meandered happily about the grounds digging everyone. The feeling was mutual.

## THE BAND:

## Three New LP's Are In The Works

BY PAUL NELSON

NEW YORK — The band, slowed down of late by accidents and illness, will be recording again soon, roughly at the end of January, but there won't be any session dates or studio bookings. The group is hoping to make three separate albums.

"We've got some groovy things planned," Robbie Robertson says "but they won't work in a studio situation. We want to keep it more personal than that."

John Simon, who coordinated rather than produced the band's first LP, *Music From Big Pink*, will definitely be at the tapings according to Robertson, but "He won't be a producer—he'll be doing something else."

The first of the projected albums will be put together from "a whole lot of songs, including possibly one of Dylan's new ones, which I describe as the best stuff he's ever done. It's completely different from anything you've heard from him before," Robertson said. The new record will probably be a bit more complex than *Big Pink*, with more instruments used, but there will not be any hired musicians.

"We'll play and sing every note on there," Robbie emphasized. "We aren't going in with any concept idea, but it may seem like it when we're through. It won't be fancy or slick, though—we're sort of backyard inclined—it'll just be how we feel at the time."

Songs written by members of the band for friends who have asked for them—singers and performers from folk to rock to R&B—will make up the second LP.

The third album is the *piece de resistance*. According to Robertson, it will most likely be "an old fashioned sing-song, like beer parties your aunt and uncle used to have—not a jam session where everybody's trying to cut each other, but people having a good time together. "We're very much into sitting around the fire and drinking brew and playing songs, and it seems like the people who visit us dig it, too, but they never really get the opportunity to do it."

What will make these sessions special are the people involved: "Close friends," again—and musicians from both England and America. Nobody knows for sure how these tapes will finally appear.

"It might just end up being for us," Robbie said, "but anything might happen."

Music business has burned the band a bit. Although *Music From Big Pink* got almost universally glowing reviews (one exception was the hometown Woodstock, New York, paper, which said that they could have done better), as well as praise and vocal encouragement from people such as Eric Clapton, Mike Bloomfield, and George Harrison, the LP hasn't sold as well as high-on-the-charts albums by Cream and Big Brother and the Holding Company, even though the latter was panned by many critics.

It seems to be a case of artistic triumph and a financial hassle. In a misguided attempt to hype the LP, Capitol Records began a "Big Pink Think" campaign which featured a contest to name Bob Dylan's cover painting, and a completion entry blank that read "If I could be a Big Pink Anything, I'd be a Big Pink." Prizes were pink Yamaha motorcycles, pink panda bears, and pink lemonade.

Quite naturally, the band were horrified, and Robertson immediately flew to Los Angeles last August and "asked Capitol very strongly to just leave us alone. They meant well," he explained, "but they just didn't know any better." The campaign was dropped.

There were problems in England as well, commented Robbie: "I got this letter from George Harrison about how horrid it was. EMI, who released the LP in England, had done it with a single cover instead of the original double-fold jacket like it was here. They printed 'Music From Big Pink,' and 'The Band,' in big black letters all over Bob's painting. They didn't use the next-of-kin picture at all, but just listed the song titles on the back. It was very nice of Harrison to let us know about it."

So the band are somewhat worried about the business scene. They've had

—Continued on Next Page



Chuck Berry, and someone named "Moonfire."





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—Continued from Preceding Page  
all the hassles they need from their 1965-1966 tour with Dylan in Europe and Australia, and before that, from their days on the Southern small-town club circuit.

"We've had all kinds of offers for jobs," Robbie says, "but too many of them are the turn-on-the-lights-and-freak-out kind of scene, fads, and businessmen with their timetables. We're not interested in that at all. We hope to be able to go out and play for people on certain selective dates—maybe sometime in the spring but we don't want to make the arena circuit where people don't hear nothin' or know nothin' and all that matters is taking three bucks off the kids. We want to play for ourselves and for people who want to hear us. We hope to play anywhere."

"Playing for free isn't the thing either—that's as dumb as playing for money."

The band also hopes to have their own recording studio in operation later this year. There, they'll independently produce their own records, and, according to Robbie, "anything else that comes up."

## JEFFERSON AIRPLANE:

### New Live Album Ready to Release

BY JOHN BURKS

SAN FRANCISCO—The next Jefferson Airplane LP is recorded, mixed, the cover art decided on, a title picked—*Bless Its Little Pointed Head*—test pressings made, all set to go into production for release. It is the Airplane's first live, in-concert recording, an LP of astonishing power.

What has delayed release has been a sticky dispute over the title of one of the tracks. This matter has just been decided (the Airplane lost), so now it's up to RCA Victor, the band's record label, to set a date for issue.

The album represents a complete change from the orderly, controlled, cool flavor of the previously recorded Airplane. This new LP is the way the Jefferson Airplane feels when you are there and they are on stage—vibrant, thundering, bursting, rough enough to give it an edge—and for those who know the band only through studio recordings, *Bless Its Little Pointed Head* is going to come as a complete revelation/surprise. A fine recording job by Al and Richie Schmitt, in that it couldn't more accurately convey the impact of the Airplane in its natural habitat, Fillmore West and Fillmore East. It was recorded during November.

This recording raises at least two questions, (1) why hasn't the Airplane recorded live before?, and (2) why doesn't every rock band?

Spencer Dryden answers: "We've been trying for the past two years and this was the first time it worked." The drummer says past attempts have been downright painful. "The first times we recorded ourselves live it was so awful we'd play the tapes and it was a contest to see who could listen all the way through and not have to leave the room. It was just shit. It was great material for synons; the whole band would sit there and dissect each other's faults by the hour."

"But we all dig this album. It's the first time we got it on. It's the first album that we haven't been put in a state of emotional chaos, where we'd leave the studios tearing out our hair. I mean we heard this one and everybody in the band liked it. Because it's the first record that sounds like us."

Out of ten cuts there's only one new, previously unrecorded Airplane composition; a programmatic piece that had its genesis in a line by jazz composer Gil Evans, called "Bear Melt." The words are Grace Slick's and she sings them against a march-like accompani-

ment, which leads to an intertwined collective improvisation by the whole band.

You might say there's one and a half new Airplane songs, actually, if you include "Turn Out the Lights," a brief hoe-down that developed spontaneously upon Grace's telling the management at Fillmore West how much groovier it would be if they'd please turn down the lights. She says so repeatedly into the microphone, somebody tries a small riff behind her and then everybody's into his bag of hotcha and crazy licks.

*Bless Its Little Pointed Head* starts with what sounds like the Airplane's answer to "Number 9": a swirl of voices and ancient movie soundtrack music and a rock band tuning up. This is the one that caused all the trouble. The Airplane wanted to call it "King Cong," since that's what it is: the end of the old *King Kong* movie, as it was shown to a Fillmore East audience just prior to the Airplane's set. So what sounds like a freakout is really what went down: the end of *King Kong*, complete to the soundtrack—"It wasn't the airplane, it was beauty killed the beast!"

The problem with the title seems to have been twofold. The movie company was willing to allow use of the soundtrack (1:34 worth) but unwilling to allow the band to use anything resembling the name *King Kong*. And RCA, Dryden feels, didn't do much to help because of the political implications—such as they are—of spelling Cong with a "c." In any event, the new title is "Clergy," and it leads directly to a super-charged "3/5 of A Mile."

Next is a storming "Somebody to Love," with Grace really belting. The final track on the first side features the guitar and blues singing (!) of Jorma Kaukonen, using Donovan's "Fat Angel" as an introduction to the traditional "Rock Me Baby." To the whole band's credit, they play the blues from where they are at. There's no attempt to come on like B. B. or Jimmy Reed. To state it too briefly, Kaukonen's solo deals with interconnections and lines, where B. B.'s would have more to do with spaces and textures. It's a knockout performance.

"Other Side of This Life," the Fred Neil tune, leads the second side of the record, followed by "It's No Secret"—from the early *Jefferson Airplane Takes Off* days. It is beautiful for the sheer intensity of Grace's voice and the way she slices right through the meshing sounds the band throws around her. "Plastic Fantastic Lover" is the Airplane's brand of Motown in this version, an absolute stone groove, with the band positively *bad*, Grace ferocious and biting off every syllable.

The record ends with "Turn Out the Lights" and "Bear Melt" (with its lyric about the man with the sledge hammer and keeping all the little animals alive).

As for the cover art:

You see, when the time is right—every few weeks—the Airplane calls in some people called GUSS (the Grand Ultimate Steward Service) to lay on an Imperial Feast, complete to racks of lamb, stuffed birds, vintage wines and, not infrequently, electric punch. The last one was a month ago. The table extended 30 feet and was spread with a pressed white cloth, and 15 tall bottles of red wine evenly spaced. Jack Casady put his head down on the table to rest up for the Feast and—*click*—that was the album cover photo. It was something that happened.

The album is like that. "There's a lot of material on the new album we've recorded before but I don't feel bad about that," says Spencer. "A lot of those songs we learned at the recording studio, or just before we went. We didn't even know them when we recorded them. Only got into them later. So this

record is a completely different thing from the earlier ones, even though you know the songs from before."

The debate about calling it "King Cong" was just so much unnecessary bullshit to Dryden. He had little nice to say about "these old men in their station wagons and ranch houses 15 miles into the suburbs. They have no idea what we're doing or why we do it, or what our music is or anything. They have to pick out one small thing and hassle over it. It makes them think they're exerting their authority."

So far as Spencer is concerned, there wasn't much point in fighting it out with the company. "I mean, you realize RCA makes washing machines and missile parts and how big they are. There's no point fighting them head on. It's better to go about changing the way things are, behind their backs."

There is one [previous unacknowledged] live recording of Jefferson Airplane available. Dryden told *ROLLING STONE* that while they'd never told anyone before, "Young Girl Sunday Blues" on *Bathing at Baxter's* was a tape of a performance at the old Fillmore Auditorium. "It was better on that tape, then we could do it in the studio," explains.

The Airplane finished their last tour during the holidays and now will take a two or three month vacation. The idea is that everyone in the band devote the time to pursue his interests beyond Jefferson Airplane. "To get everybody into his own things," explains Dryden. After working on Godard's *American Movie*, with the rest of the Airplane, Spencer is developing plans for what he calls "the rock film." Grace is working on a film script for herself. Jack has done a short tour with Country Joe and the Fish (which included the Miami Pop Festival) and is working with David Crosby. Jorma has worked as a single at the Matrix and done some recording with other people. Marty is working at graphics and cartooning. Paul Kantner is writing songs.

Walking around the Airplane's white Victorian mansion, situated across from Golden Gate Park, evidences of these varying activities are strewn everywhere. Spencer hopes that this might result in some new breakthrough or extension of rock. "I've come to think it's not really necessary to beat your brains playing for a couple thousand kids a night, living in hotel rooms, traveling all over the place—these kids who've already seen five dozen lightshows and heard a hundred heavy rock bands. Something new has got to happen. There's got to be more to it than this, someplace else to go, something happening, and I really hope ours can be the band to do it."

## Nick the Greek To Do Solo LP

SAN FRANCISCO—Nick The Greek Gravenites, long known for his prolific song-writing for various groups and for his conga-playing and vocals with the original Michael Bloomfield version of the Electric Flag, will be making a solo for Columbia Records very shortly, pending the resolution of final details of his recording contract.

Nick says that the LP may be done at Columbia's studios in Nashville, Tennessee. Wherever it is done, Elliot Mazer (who once produced Chubby Checkers) will be the producer. Mike Bloomfield, Mark Naftalin and Paul Butterfield will also help along the way. Gravenites, known for such compositions as "Born in Chicago," "East-West," "Groovin' Is Easy," "Been Too Long," and others, has about 14-16 original new songs ready for his solo LP.



From the cover of new Airplane LP



## THE RASCALS:

### Won't Play Unless Bill Is Half Black

NEW YORK—The Rascals, one of the few white groups whose music has been long accepted by the black radio audience, this week announced a new concert policy: no more personal appearances unless half the acts on the bill are black.

Felix Cavaliere, organist and composer for the group, said the Rascals also would not be appearing on "establishment" television shows any more because "it's a cop-out every time we do it; it's just making the dollar."

These image- or conscience-changing decisions come immediately following release of "People Got to Be Free," written the day after Sen. Robert Kennedy's murder, and "Ray of Hope," a song about Sen. Ted Kennedy. Both became hit singles. They also came while recording a new album, *Freedom Suite*.

"We're limiting our engagements starting the first of January," Cavaliere said. "All our major concerts will be half black, half white, or we stay home. We can't control the audience, guaranteeing it will be integrated—and you better believe they're still segregated, if only by psychological forces that exist. But we can control the show. So from now on, half the performers will be black, half will be white. It was this way at the Martin Luther King Memorial we did recently at Madison Square Garden, and it was great."

The announcement regarding future television appearances followed by six weeks the Rascals' cancelling a scheduled November 2nd appearance on "The Ed Sullivan Show."

"We got tired of seeing producers approach good groups and say, 'Give us a fast three minutes, then split.' We figured we were at the end of the road. Television has let the musician down. The last strike showed that. So we aren't going to them any more. There are things more important than money."

"We've turned down or cancelled other shows, too. No point saying which ones. I mention Sullivan because he's the perfect 'type' I'm talking about. We'd do the 'Smothers Brothers,' if we were asked. They're a little too white, but at least they're trying."

Cavaliere additionally said he would be launching an independent record company the same time these new policies are effected. The company, Ki Records, is being designed for ghetto youth.

"I was asked once on a black radio station what a young Harlem kid could do to make it," Cavaliere said. "I couldn't answer that question. Now I'm going to try. There must be dozens of brilliant young musicians in Harlem, in Watts, but how do they get out? Who is going to give them a chance?"

Cavaliere explained that Ki ("a spiritual force from the Orient") would be his own project and not that of the Rascals.

## FM Radio Clock

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## NASH, CROSBY & STILLS:

### 'Happiest Sounds You Ever Heard'

BY MILES

LONDON — One Sunday before Christmas we went to a flat in Moscow Road to hear what Graham Nash had described on the phone as "one of the happiest sounds you have ever heard": the new aggregate of Graham Nash, David Crosby, and Steve Stills.

Nash has just left the group he led for the past four years, the Hollies, one of the earliest on the post-Beatle English scene; Crosby is the outspoken ex-Byrd; and Stills is one of the original Buffalo Springfield, as assured and original a guitarist as ever. All refugees from fine groups which for one reason or another didn't work: bread scenes, song-writing teams in which the one partner was five times more prolific than the other, groups which had stopped growing and gone stale for the remaining developing individual, groups where playing had become "work," groups where the members had become musically and philosophically incompatible. The usual curses of a situation where people are held together contractually for longer than a natural life.

Within all sorts of bands there are individuals wanting to go a different way from the major body of the group, Graham Nash explains. It was true, he says, in his case, in Steve's case, in David's case, "in Sebastian of the Loving Spoonful's case . . . Mama Cass . . . the Cream—you know, with Clapton, etcetera . . . Buddy Miles—you name them . . . Traffic broke up . . . All of them trying to make music without having hangups about the business side."

This one is not a group. Described by Dave Crosby as "Not a group, just one aggregate of friends" and by Graham Nash as a situation where "three people get together to stress their individuality." Dave also said it was "just that Graham, Stills and I dig playing and writing and singing together." Now before you think of the Band, remember who is present here:

Dave Crosby, the dominant force of the Byrds. Theirs was the music of man in a chrome and consumer environment, the strange solitude above the clouds, minds thrown in on themselves and blown. The Byrds' characteristic sound of three-part harmony and 12-string guitar was dominated by Dave. He wrote seven of the tracks on "Fifth Dimension" and "Younger Than Yesterday" including "8 Miles High," "I See You" and "Everybody's Been Burned." Even after he left the Byrds, Roger (Jim) McGuinn used three more of his numbers on *Nocturnal Byrd Brothers*. His songwriting style is best exemplified by "Triad" on the Jefferson Airplane album, *Crown of Creation* which shows his unusual timing and curious line structure.

Now his guitar playing is even more advanced, always seductive with the bell-like quality of his 12-string, the complex janglings of the blown mind winding its way around through, and eventually tying up a Byrds song like some exotic plumage or ribbon. Now his style is longer, more drifting, he ties up dozens of open-ended notes just in the nick of time, singing double, treble, quadruple time to his own accompaniment.

Taking exceptional risks, Crosby's long climactic chord buildups are capped with capstones of gold (like the final mad chord in a Thelonious Monk solo). The complex multi-melodic lines drift dangerously apart yet share a pattern of chords and beats which eventually not only bring them together to an eminently

satisfactory conclusion but also create a third melodic line at the same time. Still he says "the era of the guitar virtuoso is over."

Steve Stills, well known for his group Buffalo Springfield and for his composing such songs as "Pretty Girl Why," "Questions," "Everydays" or "Bluebird." More at home on his post-Springfield album *Super Session* (side two), where his craftsmanship shows more. Now he is playing further along the same line of progression. Watching him solo, he fingers twice as many notes and chords as he actually plays and the consequent sound is abbreviated, a shorthand form — the ideas pared down to bare essentials. Playing sure and true and using every fret with complete familiarity. It doesn't sound clipped, just clear and final — exactly as he wanted it to be, using a vast vocabulary of music styles as vehicles for the seemingly endless flow of ideas. In these new compositions his craftsmanship pervades, telling Dave Crosby, "We can't do that. It's not metrically correct!"

Graham Nash: held back of late by the Hollies, he slowly drifted away from them. He became twice as prolific as the others as a songwriter, suddenly realizing that eight songs on an album were by him alone. "The hangup I went through was that we had a three-way partnership and a lot of the time only one wrote and the other two were coping two-thirds of the bread," says Graham. He wanted the group to grow and evolve as he had done. Tony Hicks on the other hand wanted the group to get more commercial, do an album of hits and an album of *The Hollies Sing Bob Dylan*. After recording three tracks for a "hits" album Graham quit. Now he is free, one of the best harmony singers in the country and dozens of hit records behind him. Now his voice soars, uses strange timing never possible in the commercially "good" sounds of the Hollies. A slow ballad he sung with Dave humming was so refreshing after the hard-edged sound of "King Midas In Reverse." A genuine simple personal love song with no pretensions or holding-back because of some "group-image" or "group-sound." Already after only a few weeks away from the Hollies a new freedom that the Hollies could never have handled.

"What we've done," says Graham, "Steve and Dave and I, is sung together from time to time over the last year. Twice when I was with the Hollies, and four times on my own since. I've crossed the Atlantic four times just to sing with these two people. The affinity between us is a strong one." He describes this association as "a unit with three arms and we can wander out on any of the arms."

And it's true. At one point of the triangle the high three-part harmony is a straight development of the Byrds-a-la-Crosby. Another point could be on a Buffalo Springfield album and so on. They say that if they make an album—and they have discussed forming their own company to do just that—they will be able to walk on stage and play it from start to finish, which will be an incredible achievement. Their planned stage act is an opening with just the three of them doing their communal numbers, followed by three solo spots, each doing their own thing, ending with the addition of drums and keyboard in a hard driving rock set. They are all obviously very pleased with the way things are going. Dave trying to explain playing together: "There's a whole batch of it that just don't make it with words — it's like trying to describe fucking!"

These new numbers all have "a different flavor." From the advanced rock guitar style of Stills from *Super Session* with Graham and Dave doing high

Byrds harmony over his vocal, to a straight trio with two guitars. The sound has a high treble and low base to it. Little middle register at all. Sometimes an Eastern (Indian) solo then Spanish hand clapping with Stills' gypsy strumming all in the same number. The words are all good: "You are living a reality I left years ago/it quite nearly killed me and it'll only make you cry." The textural changes are so fresh: full harmony suddenly stops dead or Steve will sing out of it. The music is full of bridges, solos, choruses and breaks. "Black Wing," a song which goes into a sort of "Dry Bones" rhythm and comes out again. Long, long rhythmic lines of 16 bars (?) using handclaps and "Dit-dit-dit-dit . . ."

Steve has written a suite and a new one "This is Steve's new one—it's so far out we need two sets of words." Graham has a magnificent number called "(Don't you know we're riding) The Marrakesh Express," an uptempo number which should be amazing electrified. The flavors are endless: "Cuban Song," "a slow sloppy sentimental rubbishy song," rockers, ballads. Little blues though.

At last a group with three fine singers, capable of doing the most complicated harmonies and a group of three well-respected composers. More important than the Cream—this liaison, if it ever gets on record (at present, Steve is on Atlantic, Graham on Columbia, and only David—"wise old David," says Graham—is contractually free), will be one of the best groups of 1969.

## Columbia Records In Record Stores

NEW YORK — CBS Records is the first major recording company to operate its own record stores. The company accomplished this by acquiring (for an undisclosed amount of money) Discount Records Co., a firm which specializes in college campus sales nationally.

Discount was acquired specifically "to test new merchandising methods and to collect accurate consumer buying data, especially from the young people presently enrolled at the university level," in the words of CBS president Clive Davis.

An important advantage to CBS Records is that Discount has a very tightly structured inventory reporting system, done by computer, which allows management to know instantaneously and precisely which records are moving in the "youth market" and which are not. No other record company has a business communications network to compare.

## Kingston Trio LP

BEVERLY HILLS — A double LP of the Kingston Trio's final concert appearance, including many of their biggest hits, will be released in February by Tetragrammaton Records.

The album was recorded last year at the hungry i in San Francisco and will come more than a year after the trio broke up. Of the three — John Stewart, Nick Reynolds and Bob Shane — only one, Stewart, has continued performing. He is now recording with Buffy Ford on the Capitol label, which also had been the Trio's label.

The album, *The Farewell Concert of the Kingston Trio*, will contain, among others, "Tom Dooley," "Tijuana Jail," "MTA," "Greenback Dollar" and "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?"

The Trio started at the hungry i and finishes there.

## Ravers in the Nude

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT  
LONDON — A near-epidemic of rock and roll craziness swept this island nation during one hectic December week, resulting in newspaper headlines like THE POP FRENZY KO'S SEVEN CHILDREN AT A CLUB DANCE, Children Collapse At Pop Session. THE GIRL WHO STRIPPED OFF AT ALBERT HALL and STARKERS AT THE ALBERT HALL AS JOHN AND YOKO WRIGGLE IN A BAG!

The chaos sent seven to hospital at Bournemouth (a coastal resort town 100 miles southwest of London) and caused dozens of London ravers to divest themselves of their attire.

No more than 20 minutes after the music started, nearly half the 50 attending the Bournemouth pop session had collapsed. The scene was a smallish room at the Junior Youth Club, the band was a local aggregation called the Mystic Tangent, and the outcome was that seven fans were taken away for hospitalization.

"It was horrible," and ambulance driver said later. "The youngsters were groaning and semi-conscious. They just didn't know where they were." A combination of heat (adjacent the bandstand was the boiler room) and the Mystic Tangent's sounds and home-made light show contributed to the toll. Said Tangent bass player, Mike Pike:

"We use a lot of very heavy beat with one of the group using a very distorted, high-pitched sound. It really gets people going. Our flickering light-box isn't very powerful, but they were dropping like flies."

No one was seriously injured.

At an Albert Hall performance of "An Alchemical Wedding" in London, an American girl, Elizabeth Marsh of Texas, got so carried away she removed all her clothing.

"I don't know why I did it, now," she told reporters, "but at the time I had some good reasons." Police, upon learning of the lovely and very naked blonde in the audience, closed in to make a pinch. But the audience of 600 blocked off the aisles to stop them. Many stripped to save Miss Marsh from being arrested, accurately guessing that in unity there is strength.

Police stood guard after the commotion calmed, to watch John Lennon and Yoko Ono do a number with a big white bag. The two climbed inside the bag and squirmed about in it for 25 minutes, while a young man wandered the stage blowing flute.

Mr. F. Mondy, manager of Albert Hall, said he had no idea that it was to have been this sort of evening, nor that it could have resulted in so many people with no clothes on. "But I know one thing," he added. "It will be the last."

## Monterey Pop Film

LOS ANGELES — The long-awaited D. A. Pennebaker film of the 1967 Monterey Pop Festival was previewed December 26 at Lincoln Center in New York and is set for general release in January.

The 80-minute film, originally designed for ABC-TV, features 13 of the nearly 40 acts that appeared at the festival: in order of appearance, Scott McKenzie, the Mamas and the Papas, Canned Heat, Simon and Garfunkle, Hugh Masekela, Jefferson Airplane (with Grace Slick), Big Brother and the Holding Company (with Janis Joplin), Eric Burdon and the Animals, the Who, Country Joe and the Fish, Otis Redding, Jimi Hendrix Experience and Ravi Shankar.

According to Lou Adler, one of the festival's producers, opening credits read: "The Foundation, a non-profit California organization, presents a John Phillips and Lou Adler Production, 'Monterey Pop,' by D. A. Pennebaker." Closing credits list seven cameramen, light show by Head Lights and titles by Tomi Ungerer. The film is being released through Leacock-Pennebaker Inc.

*Monterey Pop* was launched, even before the festival began, as a planned 60-minute or 90-minute special for ABC-TV. These plans were abandoned later, even though the network had paid handsomely for the privilege of saying no.

Adler said once ABC was out of the picture, the film was edited and produced exclusively for theatrical release.

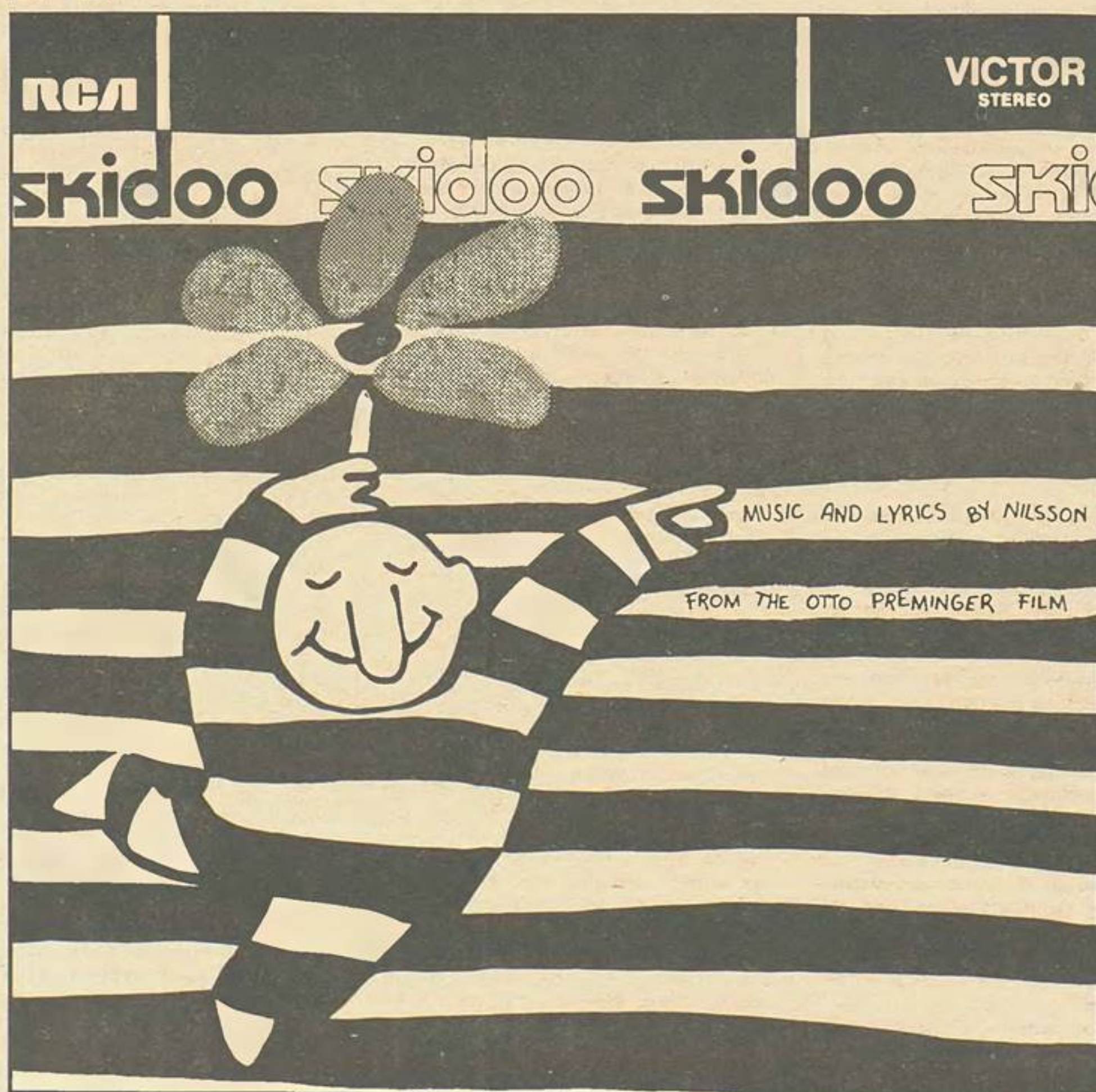
He said special previews of the film would be held in Los Angeles, and perhaps San Francisco, in early January, with general distribution to follow by mid-month.



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# IT TAKES TWO TO SKIDOO: YOUR TURNTABLE AND YOU!



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**RCA**



## TV SPECIAL &amp; ALBUM:

## Beatles First Live Concert in 2 Years

LONDON — The Beatles will make their first live LP — and perform before an audience for the first time in two years — at a TV special taping session tentatively scheduled for January 18. It will be an invited audience, though the site for the concert has not been chosen. (Among the places mentioned are London's Roundhouse and Liverpool's cavern.)

No less than a dozen new songs, and probably 14, will be debuted, with eight or nine from Paul, a few by John and some material by George to draw from. "There is no shortage of material," says Apple PR man Derek Taylor. "They're writing all the time. It's a question of selecting the right material for the show."

There will be a run-through of the show, then the actual taping, each with a different audience to afford as many people as possible the opportunity to see the boys back in action again.

Some question has developed concerning the January 18 date, a date set by the Beatles. "Because we set it, we are not fixed by it," Taylor says. It may take a bit longer than that to get it together. "If we can't do it then, it doesn't matter. The best thing we can say at this moment is that we hope it will happen before the end of the winter."

It is the first public appearance for the Beatles since August of 1966 at San Francisco, and the first in Britain since May of 1966. No release date has been given for the album. (Though a 1965 live recording from the Hollywood Bowl also exists, it has never been issued. The only other live recordings were with singer Tony Sheridan in Hamburg, long ago.)

Meanwhile, Apple is laying plans for the invasion of the United States. The Beatles' business enterprise will soon open a Los Angeles office which will function as the American counterpart of the British firm.

"We are going into the U.S. in exactly the same way as American companies are establishing themselves in Europe," says Apple chief Ron Kass, an American himself. "Our American company will not just be a branch of the London office, but a fully operational record and publishing company, one hundred per cent involved in the U.S. market with an entirely American image."

Kass adds that no other European record company has taken this direct route of exploiting the U.S. market, "a massive source of potential revenue" which "dominates the world." More than 60 per cent of the sales of Mary Hopkins' Apple single "Those Were the Days" were made in America.

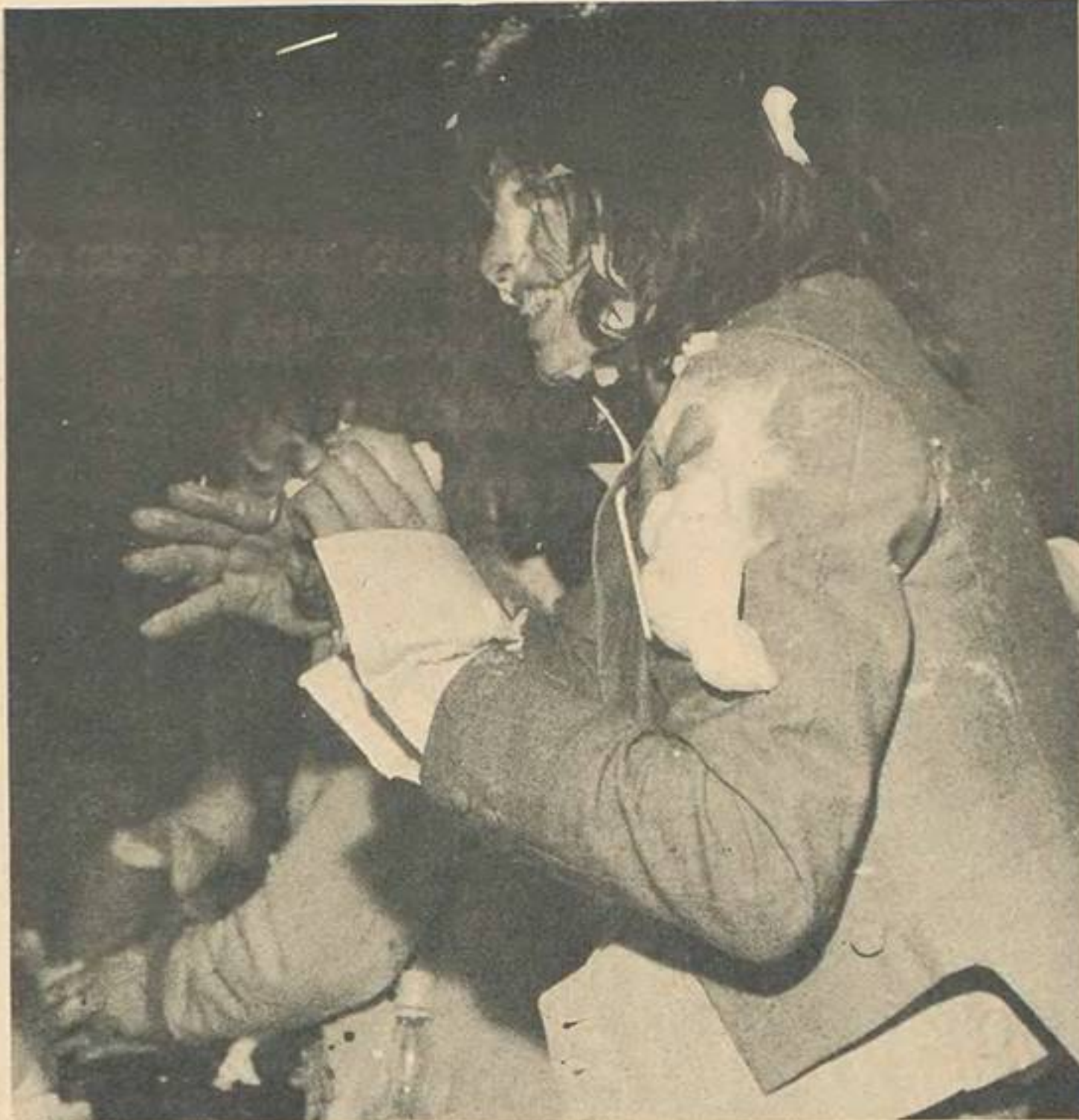
The name of Apple in Los Angeles will be Apple Music Publishing Co. (ASCAP) to be headed by an American, Michael O'Connor; with a smaller affiliate, Python Music (BMI), mainly to deal with American writers. A basic staff of six will be situated in a house (as yet unlocated) similar to Apple's \$1 million-plus Savile Row headquarters. A residence for George Harrison and Paul McCartney, both of whom intend to spend six months a year in the States, is also being house-hunted.

Apple A&R man Peter Asher is already in the U.S. on a two-month organizational trip to initiate the massive push for American Apple. He is signing artists, studying the industry and producing records from his temporary headquarters, the Capitol Tower in Los Angeles.

"The U.S. publishing company will become bigger than the U.K. company in time," Kass predicts.

Apple also projects a series of "disposable records" — the phonographic equivalent of paperback books — selling for about \$2, to begin sometime during 1969.

Kass says: "The John Lennon-Yoko Ono album would have been the first in this series if we had thought of it earlier. The idea arose from a meeting with Paul, George and John. They want to produce cheap albums of esoteric material covering a wide range of music and the spoken word. We'll be including such things as interviews with Daniel Cohn-Bendit and Picasso. We have approached Norman Mailer and Eldridge



LONDON — You say it looks like somebody has mooshed Mick Jagger in the mouth with a custard pie? You're right. But not before the Mick managed to shlop it to several British reporters. Photo was taken at the climax of the Rolling Stones press luncheon held by British Decca Records to introduce the new *Beggar's Banquet* LP.

Most press teas held by English pop bands are comparatively staid affairs but this time the Stones decided to break tradition and do it right with a beggar's banquet. Complete with mead, claret, Cornish soup, baked halibut and cucumber in Canary wine, salamagundy salad, winter salad, beef, artichokes; pipes and snuff afterward.

The Stones turned up dressed for the occasion, Mick in frock coat, grey top hat and white plastic fork in his button-hole; everybody else resplendent in satiny or lacy or velvety attire. Mick's instructions to the reporters, just before wenches began to serve, was terse and to the point: "Get drunk."

After dessert, Jagger rose to lead a

chorus or two of "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow," then got down to business.

Small boxes were passed forward and opened, and Mick suddenly took a beligerent tone: "But we didn't invite you here just to eat and drink and enjoy yourselves, did we?" With that, he and Mick and Brian and Bill and Charlie (Keith was missing) began hurling custard pies at their guests. Soon it was a total pie-in-the-eye scene, Laurel and Hardy style.

Most of the press grooved with it, only a few grumbled about custard stains on their vests and double breasted (it was magic custard and not supposed to stain, but it did). As one reporter wrote, it proves that "he who sups with the devil should have a long spoon." Lord Harlech, companion to Jackie Kennedy before her marriage with Onassis, was the Stones' personal guest at the affair. "Not quite the sort of party I'm accustomed to," said His Lordship, "but thoroughly enjoyable."

Cleaver and writer Michael McClure will be recording an album of his own songs for the series.

"The albums will have simple black and white art work and will be available on subscription, like a magazine. This series has tremendous possibilities because people who won't talk to major record companies will often talk to us. The Beatles themselves will be featured in discussion on some records. It will be a sort of underground label, but it will not be enclosed and obscure—it will be open to all."

## Gary Burton Named Jazzman of the Year

CHICAGO—The 33rd annual Down Beat Magazine readers poll offers convincing proof that the boundaries between rock and jazz are fading, or at least in the mind's eye. Jazzman of the Year—running well ahead of Miles Davis and Duke Ellington—is vibist Gary Burton, whose hair is as long as plenty of rock players, and whose rhythm section often gets into a groove like Jimi Hendrix or Cream.

Burton also won the Vibraharp poll. Guitarist Larry Coryell, Burton's featured sideman until recent months, placed second on his instrument, and no one in the Burton Quartet ran lower than fourth. In the Combo category, Burton's group came in second, just behind Miles Davis.

The Guitar poll was heavy with rock players, Eric Clapton placing fourth, followed, further down the list, by Mike Bloomfield, Jimi Hendrix and bluesman B. B. King. Both Ginger Baker and Mitch Mitchell turned up among the drums.

## Country Joe &amp; Fish Take No More Gigs

BERKELEY—Country Joe and the Fish played their last gig for the time being at Fillmore West this past weekend (Jan. 11-12) and are now fading and sliding in the throes of whether to stop, keep doing it, do it somewhere else, do it some other way, or what to do. Meanwhile, \$150,000 in offers for future engagements rests unanswered in their office here. The band is accepting no more work.

There will be one more recording session says manager Ed Denson—who's spokesman for the group since Country Joe McDonald stopped talking to the press — to be done for Vanguard at the end of February. But as to what else will happen? "It's hard to tell," Denson says. "Nobody's sure what they want to do."

Two or three of the band may — or may not — go to England because they don't dig the U.S. Except that when they recently took a look at England, they didn't care for that country much either. Too poor. "The band might split," Denson acknowledges, "but if I were us and if I were going to split I'd do it after a fantastically successful year's farewell tour."

Part of the problem is that Country Joe has been banned, informally, by both the U.S. Army (bookers can't get armories because the band's on an Army blue list) and by a college booking federation (same reason: mainly due to the bands leading a spell-out F-U-C-K cheer at the start of every gig).

"Like, a whole auditorium full of people yelling fuck is nice to you and me, but not to some other people," Denson explains.

## John and Yoko in Newark, New Jersey

NEWARK, N.J. — Tetragrammaton Records is contemplating legal action to free 29,850 album covers for the John Lennon-Yoko Ono LP *Two Virgins* which were confiscated by the Newark Police four days prior to the Jan. 6 release date.

The official Newark police story is that one of the 199 cartons of covers sprung open at Newark Airport, a TWA employee dutifully reported what he had seen (John and Yoko naked) to his superiors, who in turn called in the police to protect against obscenity.

Tetragrammaton president Arthur Mogull has just one word for this version: "Bullshit. We have a brown wrapper around the picture of John and Yoko naked, and there's no way they could have seen it unless they fooled around some." His attorney, studying legal precedent, feels that a strong case can be made that Newark authorities are interfering with interstate commerce, and Mogull intends to take them to court unless the covers are released immediately.

The shipment came from Los Angeles and was directed toward Tetragrammaton's Mountainside, N. J., pressing plant, where records were to have been inserted.

*Two Virgins* has an outer jacket of brown paper, with just John's and Yoko's faces on it. When you slip off the wrapper, there's a white cover with full exposure of Lennon and Ono, arm in arm. The music is described by Lennon as demonstrating that, "Sound is music and music is sound."

The recording company has prepared 200,000 copies for initial sales, and Mogull says he'll be "stunned if it doesn't sell a couple of million." Tetragrammaton agreed to distribute the LP when several other companies, including the Beatles' usual American distributor, Capitol, declined.

## Rock Business Booms in S F

SAN FRANCISCO — The rock and roll business, already booming here, will grow during the next decade to become the fourth largest industry in San Francisco—right behind construction, manufacturing and finance insurance—according to the Bank of California.

A vice president of the bank, Michael Phillips, discovered by making a three-month study that by the mid-1970s rock biz will increase to something between \$8 million and \$15 million annually, compared with about \$4 million (perhaps as high as \$6 million) for 1968.

At present, rock accounts for less than half of one per cent of the San Francisco economy—but Phillips predicts it will grow to better than ten times that, to six per cent. "The momentum," Phillips recently told *Billboard*, "has begun, and there will be a major focus on the production of music here, whatever that style of music is."

Phillips breaks down 1968 income this way, and predicts it will grow proportionately: something over \$1 million for live performances, nearly \$1 million for recording and radio operations, and close to \$2 million in retail sales and artists, fees and royalties.

Interestingly, the bank's projections do not include Top 40 radio or the hip fashion industry or poster distributors or head shops—though Phillips acknowledges that they're all allied with the rock business. "There was no way to project their future," he told *Rolling Stone*, "though it can be assumed they'll grow with the rock music boom, too."

Luncheons with some 16 or 17 key people in the San Francisco rock business, plus scores of phone calls and letters, provided the fodder for Phillips' predictions.

The important thing about San Francisco as a center for rock, Phillips finds, is that the whole cycle exists here, from small clubs to big ballrooms to recording studios and all the rest of it. "It all has to work together," he explains. "There have to be small clubs like the Matrix, where the bands can get exposure and get used to audiences. And local-level ballrooms. And places like the

—Continued on Page 30



1969

and the story of Gilgamesh so reminiscent of our American myth of Paul Bunyan and his blue ox, Babe—why doesn't someone write a rock sequence on *that*! And how about the chariot of fire that took Elijah up to Heaven?

Then there was the Greek Zeitgeist, the Age of Culture when the Oedipus and Electra myths foreshadowed the language of modern psychology, and which later marked the mid-Aries peak when not only the Seven Wise Men of Hellas flourished—including Solon, whose name still indicates *Law-maker* in American journalism, and Thales who knew that the Sun is central and that Earth revolves around it like an electron whirling around the nucleus of an atom. During this amazing year of 580 B. C. there were alive not only these Seven Greeks but the mortal Hermes in Egypt, Zoroaster in Persia, Buddha in India, and both Lao-tze and Confucius in China!

Such a peak was not to be seen again until the Elizabethan Age in England when Shakespeare wrought the wisest plays of all time and Cervantes wrote in Spain, Camoens in Portugal, Rabelais in France, and the great Renaissance figures flourished in Italy and Germany including Galileo, Kepler and Copernicus; Akbar on the Mogul throne of India encouraging debates and tolerance in all religions; and the Ming Dynasty bringing art to its highest pitch in China.

The winter of this day-time epoch of Civilization came in the age of Victoria, wherein, under the snow and ice, were already forming the dynamic forces of change in Darwin, Marx and Freud. Rock music is indeed the voice of the tremendous upheaval these three innovators started. The ending of white domination is heard in the universality of rock, coming as it does out of African drums and Asian cymbals as well as the signs of rebellion shown in long hair and beads and flashing gaudy colors.

The children born since 1940 are an entirely new breed. The planets discovered as Mesmer postulated the subconscious and his pupil the Marquis de Puységur postulated that his subconscious had two ends like a magnet—positive in Uranus, receptive in Neptune—and Jung postulating the vast reaches of the Undifferentiated Unconscious symbolized by Pluto—these three planets beyond the threshold of consciousness were lined up in a right angle triangle with Uranus and Neptune forming the hypotenuse and Pluto the angle. The kids born in this first half of the Forties seem to live in the subconscious and unconscious, and couldn't care less about all the status symbols and rank and formalities so dear to a generation born in a more self-conscious era, with planets of self-consciousness to the fore.

Since we are living in the Scorpionic decanate of Pisces, and Scorpio is ruled consciously by Mars and unconsciously by Pluto—these two planets should be considered first in any glance at the year ahead.

Pluto starts in 1969 in the 25th degree of Virgo—the Sabian symbol for which is “A flag at half-mast.” It is fitting that our flag should be so flown in token of mourning for Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King, to say nothing of two great Seers of the future, Upton Sinclair and Norman Thomas. The forces of reaction seem solidly in the seats of power—Nixon in Washington and Reagan in California.

Yet the Ephemeris shows that they

are going to have a very tough time turning back the clock of history. The aspect between planets which shows up most frequently this year is an angle of 150 degrees, very much neglected by most American astrologers. Some call it a *quincunx*, others call it an *incon-junct*. I call it a stymy, for I find that it has the same slow, cold reactionary effect as Saturn, which is why I color it black in my colored charts.

Although Pluto forms a nice sextile to Mars around the 13th of February, coordinating the conscious and unconscious rulers (War and Death), Pluto forms a stymy to Saturn lasting most of March. This will cause a stalemate between the right and left.

Mars, on the other hand, enters Scorpio (ruled by Mars and Pluto) on the 30th of this December (1968) and stays in this dread sign of the twin mysteries of sex and death, and occultism generally, until the 25th of February, when it enters Sagittarius, where it will be in its “fall.”

Mars turns retrograde on the 27th of April, but goes forward again on the 8th of July. It will stymy Saturn on August 11th (and a good time before and after), again causing a stalemate between the forces of conservatism and progress.

It will square Uranus on the 28th of September, causing a real battle between revolution and repression. A trine between Mars and Saturn around October 3rd will cause an easement, but a square between Mars and Jupiter around the 19th of October will cause great argument between those who want to ameliorate and those who want to go on fighting. And around the 11th of November a square between Mars and Saturn will touch off real fighting between the races and the financial classes—the haves and the have-nots (Margaret Mead's testimony in Congress of semi-starvation in this land of plenty is justification enough for such a struggle).

Mars enters Saturn-ruled Capricorn on the 21st of September, not far from the Autumnal equinox and the Jewish New Year. Since it has always been thought that the Jewish people were under Capricorn, it will be interesting to see how this affects the Hebrew dream of a free and secure homeland in Zion.

Mars will square Uranus around the 28th of September, again causing a struggle between the two types of revolution—fiery and electrical, typified by Mars, the planet of the animal level of consciousness and Uranus, the *animus*, the male side of the subconscious, which makes for imagination.

A good trine between Mars and Saturn around the 3rd of October will cause an easement; but the square between Mars and Jupiter around the 5th of October will cause great struggle between the fat cats and the angry element in the more common levels of humanity.

Around the 11th of November a square between Mars and Saturn again causes an upset between the forces of “stability” and the “angry young people.” Since the 21st of September Mars will have been in the sign of its exaltation, Capricorn. On the 5th of November it enters the sign where it “joys”—Aquarius. A nice harmonious trine to Jupiter on the 15th of December comes in time to give us a peaceful Christmas.

Now as to the other slow-moving planets which do more than flash by in their yearly rounds, and who leave

a real imprint on history: Just as Pluto stands for the collective unconscious below the levels of the subconscious, so Neptune stands for the female polarity of the subconscious (the ocean should never have been deified as a male, but rather as a goddess, and *Neptunus* easily becomes *Neptuna*).

Dr. Kinsey once agreed with me that men probably have a stronger imagination, but women make up for it by having a much stronger intuition. They are right for the wrong reasons—which drives men crazy. The planet Neptune stands for this intuitive approach to life, and all of 1969 she remains in the female sign of Mars and Pluto—Scorpio.

Around the 15th of April she forms a stymy to the conservative Saturn, but a harmonious sextile to the jovial Jupiter. This may have a conciliatory effect.

Uranus, on the other hand, except for a brief regression into Virgo between the 21st of May and the 25th of June, stays all of 1969 in the male sign of Venus and Pluto-Libra. He conjuncts Jupiter around the 21st of July near the cusp of Virgo and Libra. Since Uranus and his grandson Jupiter are both lords of lightning, something electrifying should happen soon after our national holiday.

A stymy between Uranus and Saturn around the 23rd of October again causes a stalemate between the forces of change and the forces of “business-as-usual.”

So we see the coming year as one of the least peaceful in American history, but, “one cannot make an omelet without breaking eggs.”

#### BY GAVIN ARTHUR

In 1936 I prophesied that in 1940 there would be a treaty signed in the middle of the Atlantic which would bring about a new Zeitgeist—the last decanate\* of Pisces, just as the middle decanate had been brought in by the Magna Carta in 1220. Just as the middle decanate began with the Crusades, so this last Scorpionic decanate began with the Second World War, which, with the First and the probable Third, will make up the series of wars which begin each Zeitgeist. According to Spengler's theory, a period of Culture, which is the night-time of history, is followed by a period of Civilization—the day-time of history. These follow each other as the night the day and each takes about 720 years.

The great psychiatric innovator, Dr. Carl Jung of Zurich, understood this well. Just before he died he was questioned by journalists as to what he believed about flying saucers. He quoted Spengler and pointed out that in all ages of culture men have been aware of phenomena on the astral frequency, whereas during the garish daylight of civilization, such as the eras of the Egyptian and Roman and British Empires, lip-service was paid to religion, but not much was believed of the astral frequency, of which ghosts, goblins, nature-spirits, U.F.O.'s and such are composed. It was during ages of Culture, on the other hand, such as the great myth-making age of Hammurabi's Babylon, that our own biblical Creation Myth was composed;

\*A “decanate” is one of the ten divisions of each sign of the zodiac.



BY JON LANDAU

1968 was a year of flux in the pop music scene. Soul music failed to extend its influence on the music as a whole, country music contributed some new ideas, but did not achieve acceptance as a form in itself, and English blues bands were again very popular. As the year closed, no one style dominated the scene.

1967 ended with the death of Otis Redding. In 1968, some of his finest records were released. "Sitting On the Dock of the Bay" was probably the best selling soul record of the year, and, in my view, the best artistically as well. The album of the same name was a top seller and included some of Redding's most brilliant performances, such as "Don't Mess With Cupid" and "Open the Door." All through the year Atco continued to release new tapes. Of special interest were *The Immortal Otis Redding* and *In Person at the Whiskey A Go Go*.

Aretha Franklin began the year with her best album to date, *Lady Soul*, but had trouble coming up to that high point during the rest of the year. In some ways her career is indicative of soul music's development this year: having already created an extremely high standard for herself, she is now having trouble either living up to it or finding new directions in which to grow. News of her forthcoming jazz-oriented album bodes well for her in this respect, because it shows that she is aware of the problem.

Prior to 1968, Atlantic records had distributed Stax records and had contributed to formulating its policies. In 1968, Stax separated from Atlantic and was bought by Gulf and Western. Jim Stewart remains the president of Stax and is now on his own. The initial efforts of Stax as an independent have been superb: the label's very first release, Booker T. and the MGs "Soul Limbo," was a big hit. Musically, it was noteworthy primarily because of Al Jackson's excellent percussion work. Eddie Floyd had several great records this year, particularly "Bring It On Home" and the little known "Get On Up Big Bird." There was also William Bell's moving "Tribute To a King" which used the traditional folk ballad form to pay homage to Otis Redding.

Probably the best Stax record of the year, and the one that proved Stax will make it on its own, was Johnny Taylor's "Who's Making Love." Taylor, a blues singer in his early thirties, had been floating around Stax for years, going from one producer (and style) to another. He has now found Don Davis who has given him a perfect sound, and with "Who's Making Love," both Taylor and Stax won their first gold record.

Motown has gone through a year of troubles. The magnificent song writing team of Holland-Dozier-Holland left the label permanently and various suits and counter suits, involving enormous sums of money, are now pending. For a while it looked like the Supremes wouldn't ever have a hit again. "Love Child" proved that notion wrong and has gone on to be one of their best selling records ever.

David Ruffin left the Temptations during the year, and the new Tempts suffer badly for it. Ruffin was one of Motown's finest singers and it is widely believed that he left the company because they were abusing him financially. In fact, most of Motown's problems seem to be based on their unwillingness to remunerate their artists properly for the millions of dollars they bring into the company.

Ruffin mentioned in his statement about leaving the Temptations that he would like to do a soul act, the implication being that singing "Hello Young Lovers" at the Copa was not his idea of a career. Unfortunately, it remains Motown's idea. In 1968 they made a few concessions to their record-buying audience—Marvin Gaye's "Heard It Through the Grapevine" is superb—but on the albums and live they specialize in strictly whiteface night club acts. I wonder how long the Supremes are going to keep the public interested in how many wigs Diana Ross can put on in the space of a one hour television program.

Motown, which entered the year looking like it was on its last leg, ended the year holding down the top three positions on the singles charts, all at once. And Atlantic Records had its biggest year in history, ending up only second to Columbia Records in total sales.

Soul music will continue to exert a major influence on all music in 1969 because of the talent and energy of its

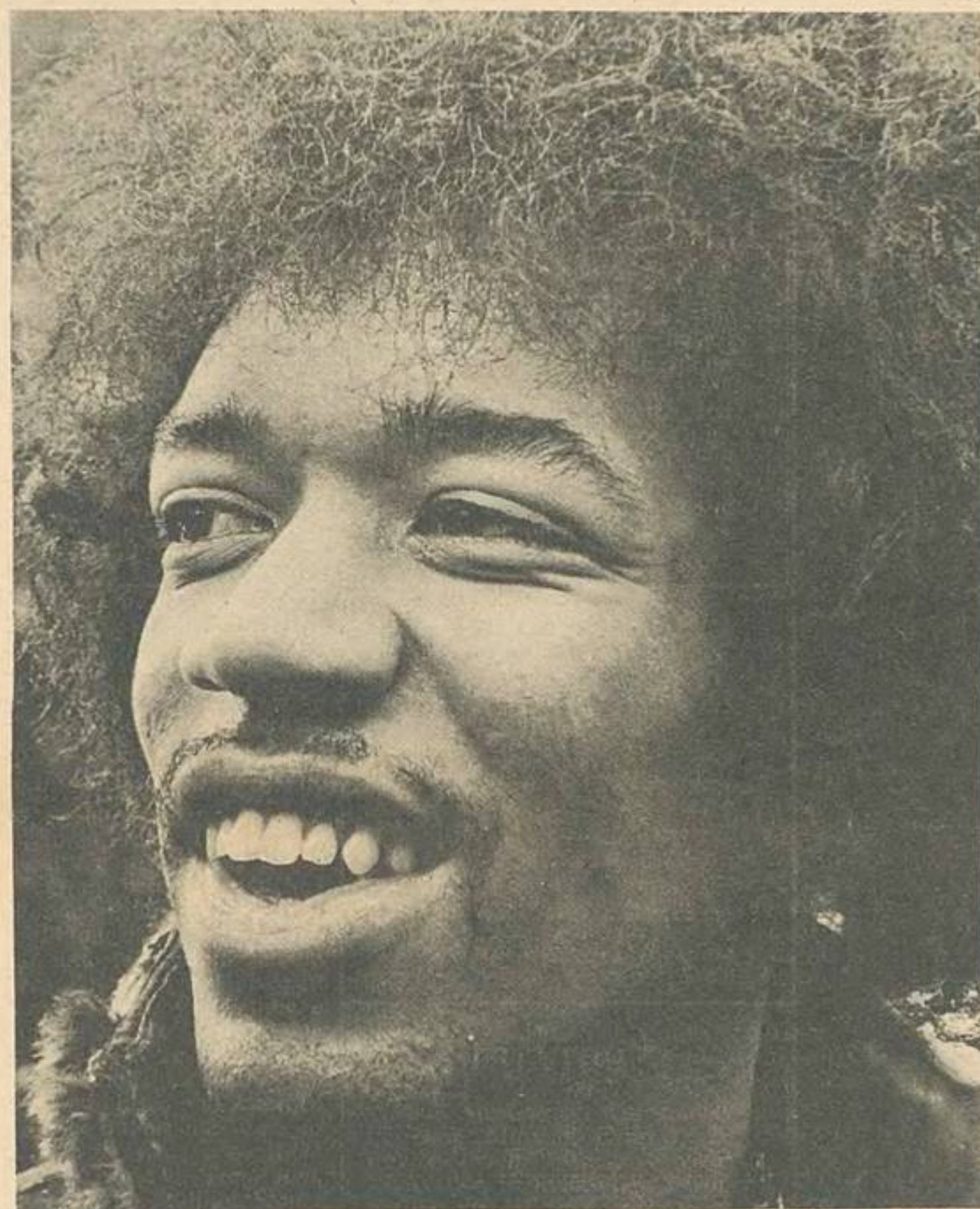
performers. The best of it will continue to be among the best pop music being made. But one must face the fact that most soul musicians and producers do not have enough imagination to expand soul music beyond what it already is and help it continue to grow.

British rock and roll this year was dominated by blues bands. For the most part, these are the dulllest and most cerebral groups working today. Ten Years After managed to kick up a lot of dust with their sloppy, 1950's-styled renditions of blues numbers everyone has heard a thousand times before. Did we really need another version of "Spoonful"?

12 albums, the Beatles considerably more. How many groups on the scene today will still be interesting when they get to their sixth release?

In the United States there were literally no discernable patterns. The year started out with what may well have been the finest album of the year, Bob Dylan's *John Wesley Harding*. Midway through the year some tapes of Dylan's were uncovered which were equally brilliant. Several of the songs on them came out on an album by the band, *Music From Big Pink*. The best things on their album were not the Dylan songs, most of which sounded forced and strained, and by no means as good

## ROCK '68



Jeff Beck was another who attracted considerable attention. I find Beck and singer Rod Stewart more than interesting when they play rock and roll—"Shapes of Things Come"—and dull as the Monkees when they play the blues. The group has the potential to develop an original style and they enjoy performing which puts them a cut above the competition.

The Who did not have a good year and on tour, at least when I saw them, they gave the impression that they were dragged by what they are doing. Procol Harum continued to grow into its style and came up with a fine album, *Shine on Brightly*.

The big news from England for most of the year was Hendrix and the Cream. The latter achieved enormous success both in live engagements and on records. They carried the British blues band thing about as far as it can go but got lost in the maze of pure pop which dominated so much of their recorded work.

For all their instrumental expertise, they never approached the excitement and energy of Jimi Hendrix. Hendrix's *Electric Ladyland* was the only two record set of the year that made it in my book. He is the authoritative lead guitarist, the coolest showman, an excellent songwriter, and a constantly improving vocalist. He has one of the finest drummers in pop music working with him and an imagination that keeps him from descending into the banalities of "White Room" and "In Days of Old." Of touring performers on the scene today, Hendrix is tops and 1968 was his year.

On record, the Stones and Beatles again proved their power in the rock hierarchy. The Stones have now released

as Dylan's own version of them on the tape. Rather, the highlights were the songs written by lead guitarist Robbie Robertson. "The Weight" was typical of the group's low-down, country-soul, rock and roll performing and was one of the finest recordings of the year.

The Byrds continued to go through personnel changes at least four times a year but in between times came up with two of the year's great albums: *The Notorious Byrd Brothers* and *Sweetheart of the Rodeo*. The latter was a fine, straight country album with gorgeous, free harmonizing and excellent material. The former was perhaps their best album to date, and surely one of the five or so best of the year. David Crosby made some brilliant song-writing contributions, but the album was mainly Roger McGuinn's and neither he nor anyone else in rock has often equalled such cuts as "Get To You" and "Artificial Energy."

The Buffalo Springfield were one of the year's tragic fatalities but they left behind *Last Time Around* which was almost in a class with *The Notorious Byrd Brothers*. Steve Stills in particular came on as one of the great white rock singers as well as a masterful songwriter. Note particularly "Four Days Gone" and "Special Care."

In 1968, San Francisco lost what glamor it had left. Groups like the Airplane continued to sell well but the excitement and innocence was gone and the professionalization of the scene seemed inimical to San Francisco's role as an oasis removed from the pressures of the two music business capitals of the country: Los Angeles and New York. The Dead bored a lot of people with their much awaited second release, *An-*

them of the Sun and the Grape disappointed those who know that they are (or at least were) one of the finest live bands in the country with a very mediocre second album, *Wow*.

Perhaps the biggest disappointment was the failure of Big Brother and the Holding Company to make it either aesthetically or as a group. Their only release dragged even the strongest fans, although it sold heavily, and most people seemed glad that Janis Joplin was leaving them in order to develop her own identity and style. She has it in her to be one of the great rock and roll singers.

The established American groups didn't set the world on fire this year. The Doors seem to be dying of a lack of imagination and are becoming an increasingly teeny-bopper oriented group. By the end of 1969 they may find themselves playing for the audiences the Cowbells are playing to now.

On the other hand, the Rascals, long thought of as a teeny bopper group, continue to mature and develop and had at least one fine single this year: "People Got To Be Free." Perhaps in 1969 they will break away completely from the adolescent pose they have maintained and make the kind of contribution they are obviously capable of.

The big talk in New York continues to be centered around Blood, Sweat, and Tears, whose first album was superb. (I have not heard the new one yet.) The Electric Flag, with whom they were often compared, didn't fare so well, live or on records, and broke up after the release of their first album. The remnants of the group have been carrying on under the name of The Buddy Miles Express which is an awful black imitation of a white imitation soul band. Nothing to write home about.

Among individual artists, Laura Nyro began to receive the recognition she deserves, and many idolize her *Eli and the Thirteenth Confession*. Johnny Winter, a recently discovered white Texas blues singer has already created a large following on the basis of a few guest appearances in New York. Judy Collins reached the pop charts and her latest album, *Who Knows Where the Time Goes*, is a good attempt to mix rock, country, and folk.

Al Kooper got the idea of jamming off to a start with the much over rated *Super Sessions*. The singing was poor, the improvisations mostly on the tired side and without much imagination, and the material was weak. But it got the thing going and we are apt to see more of it soon. (Actually, Hendrix has a lot of jamming on *Electric Ladyland* and that does give one real optimism about the possibilities of the concept.)

There were two important comebacks this year. Fats Domino was signed and recorded by Warner Brothers, where producer Richard Perry came up with the brilliant programming for *Fats Is Back*. The record hasn't sold that well but is one of the finest in 1968 and proves that a) Domino still has it and, b) a producer can do a great deal to bring out the best qualities of an artist.

Little Richard did a lot of touring this year and Specialty released his *17 Greatest Hits*, one of the greatest rock albums ever.

While not quite a comeback, B. B. King finally got the attention he deserves and was booked at all the major rock houses across the country. B. B. is riding high now and has been receiving fantastic amounts of publicity which he is surely entitled to. One hopes that his large scale acceptance by the white audience will not influence his style too much. His modesty sometimes borders on cornpone. Nonetheless he is the finest bluesman on the road right now.

In 1969 I think there are going to be some large upheavals on the pop scene. Elvis Presley will make a comeback. The rock audience will accept to an increasing degree musicians outside the rock framework. In the country area, both Johnny Cash and Buck Owens will attract wide-scale attention. In blues, the artists associated with the Duke label in Texas will be heard from. That would include Bobby Bland in particular.

As for the big areas, who knows what will happen except to say that there will be change. The lack of definition and direction intrinsic in 1968 has to be resolved if the music is going to grow. And one way or another a direction will be found in 1969.



# It Happened In 1968

## THE BEST OF 1968

Song of the Year: "Hey Jude" by the Beatles.

Track of the Year: "Sympathy For The Devil" by the Rolling Stones.

(Runner-up: "The Weight" from *Music From Big Pink*).

Album of the Year: *The Beatles*.

English Album of the Year: *Beggar's Banquet*.

American Album of the Year: *John Wesley Harding*.

American Rock and Roll Album of the Year: *Music From Big Pink*.

American and British Rock and Roll Album of the Year: *Electric Ladyland*.

Record Company of the Year: Atlantic Records.



"United Artists' The Jackals could well prove to be the sensation of 1969..." begins the press release accompanying the above photo. "The Group had its beginning in January of 1968 when Personal manager Phil Amorese initiated a hunt throughout the state of New Jersey in the hope of finding the finest young talent available. . . . At this point the Jackals went into a three-month period of self-imposed isolation to work out songs, stage routines and re-compose other material."

Members of the group are (following information from the same press release): Joseph Piz-za, whose hometown is Hacken-sack, New Jersey; Ronald Man-

nino (also hails from Hacken-sack); Marc Ruggiero, from Teaneck, New Jersey ("Marc is the fashion plate of the group with a flair for the artistic touch. He has the ability to WOW an audience with distant, self-styled organ solos"); and Dennis Mondelli, from Midland Park, New Jersey. "His main love is writing which, he says, 'Gives me the freedom to say what I believe and feel.' At 22, he is the senior citizen of the group."

They took their first publicity shot in a public urinal. How appropriate, fellas. Have you thought of a new manager, and perhaps another three months of self-imposed isolation to work out some other routines?

Tiny Tim was the biggest, most bouncing and blushing beauty that emerged on the star-studded national singing stage this last season and what a wonderful and wonderful time he had. It was quite a full year for Mr. Tim—appearances on Ed Sullivan's national television program and Johnny Carson's slightly naughty nighttime national television program and many other wonderful television programs—not to mention telegrams from the Beatles and finally his London debut at the Royal Albert Hall.

Oh, Tiny!

It was a long way for a boy of 45 to come, and like the human of grace, charm and compassion that he is, he handled it just wonderfully. But mysterious rumblings were heard as the year drew to its trembling close: Tiny, said some, was the captive of his management, strictly ordered about and governed. For all to see, Tiny gained a great amount of weight, putting on the pounds as if they were pads of pancake makeup. And one old friend wondered aloud, "Tiny Tim, who was once a universe, is now a star."

Look out, Mr. Tim, you'd better straighten up and fly right. Fame is a fleeting thing, and on a future night it may be just a memory. But now you have come a long way, and for all those years of struggle, we're proud to give you the ROLLING STONE Gold Ukulele. Keep those fingers nimble.



In one of those vaguely non-descript years of musical events—lots of them, many notable, but none monumental—out of nowhere comes these people who refer to themselves as "the band." Consisting of Robbie Robertson, Rick Danko, Levon Helm, Garth Hudson and Richard Manuel, they worked on the road with Bob Dylan, accompanied him at his lone concert this year and generally kicked around in New York with him. Previously they had been variously known as the Hawks and the Crackers, all of them emigrating from various scenes in the South or Canada, all with that urbanized country tin feelin'.

They made no public appearances and proved themselves to be as careful about their privacy as their friend Bob. Their album, *Music From Big Pink*, was received warmly, particularly the track released as a single, "The Weight."

The band will typify the strength of rock and roll in the next few years, smaller bands of top-quality, formed from various groups and non-public in the "star" sense. They will not have immense and universal popularity as few groups more will ever have, but they and a couple of dozen top groups like them, will be where rock and roll continues to grow and sustain itself in the near future.

For *Music From Big Pink*, the award for the Best American Rock and Roll Album in 1968.

## That's the Way the Cookie Crumbles Award

Ex-Beatle drummer Pete Best, who is now slicing bread in a Liverpool bakery for eighteen pounds a week, obtained a settlement in his libel suit against the Beatles, *Playboy* Magazine and Ringo Starr.

Through Barry Goldberg (not the musician), his American lawyer, the 26-year-old Best fought his case in court for the past three years claiming eight million dollars in damages.

The charge of libel centered on an interview with the Beatles published in *Playboy*, in which Ringo said of Best, "He used to take little pills to make him ill." Ringo replaced Best in 1962 when Brian Epstein fired him after two and a half years with the Beatles.

The amount of money is being kept secret. Said Mr. Goldberg: "One of the conditions of the settlement is that we cannot divulge just how much it is."

"The money is less than we wanted," says Best, "but I was content to take the advice of my lawyers and accept the figure offered. If I decided to go on fighting for more, I would have had to go to America for what might have been a long court case. And with a wife and two children I couldn't have afforded to go."

After Best left the Beatles, who were on the threshold of fame, he formed his own group. But the Pete Best Four never achieved real success and two years ago the Four decided to seek "safe" jobs outside the show business.

## Art Award

The "I Don't Know Much About Art, But I Know What I Like" Award goes to London Records in the United States and Decca Records in England for exercising its corporate and artistic prerogative on the Rolling Stones' original cover for *Beggar's Banquet*.

The line between art and environment blurred into virtual non-existence as creators pushed forward the definition of "art" in at least three major new directions. Sculptors of national prominence, taking their cue perhaps from Claes Oldenburg's hole in Central Park, dug huge excavations in the Mojave and Arizona deserts, piled up massive banks of earth and drew miles-long chalk-lines; others filled New York galleries with mounds of earth and sludge, and people like Robert Morris and Dennis Oppenheim were commissioned by public agencies for fill and free-way landscaping projects.

Art and technology moved closer together in programs sponsored by E.A.T. (Experiments in Art and Technology), which organized a large display of engineer-artist created works now at the Brooklyn Museum, and in shows like "Cybernetic Serendipity" in London last October, the largest exhibition ever held of computer art. In the art-in-everyday life department, 1968 marked the resurgence of comics as an important art form, with such underground comic books and sheets as "Zap," "Snatch," "Yellow Dog" and others too numerous to mention, taking over the vitality of the old dance poster trip.

The work of R. Crumb, Victor



Would you buy a lid from this man?

Moscoco, Rich Griffin, Steve Clay Wilson, impossible to describe if you haven't seen them—featuring such lovable characters as Mr. Natural, Angelfood McSpade and Warthog.

Crumb can be remembered for the fantastic cartoon cover of the *Cheap Thrills* album (censored by Columbia Records in later pressings because of some negative response to the black "mammy" in the artwork); Griffin did the Quicksilver LP cover as well as some other LP's in his evolved surfing cartoon style; Moscoso's classic record jacket was the Steve Miller *Children of the Future* double-fold.

Crumb, baby, the ROLLING STONE 1968 Visual Award. Eat it.



In terms of International Pop Festivals, 1968 was the year that wasn't. January began with news of festivals on two fronts: the possibility of a second annual Monterey International Pop Festival and the announcement of an International Pop Festival to be held in Rome in February. The Rome Festival announced grandiose schemes and plans and an impressive array of musical talent. But it was quickly spotted for a loser, with bungling and shifty representatives in the United States, inept planners in London, and well-meaning but not-too-bright leaders in Rome.

Bill Graham flew to Rome to check it out, and came back with the same bad vibrations that ROLLING STONE first caught in its first issue for January 1968. Using the floods as an excuse, the festival was postponed till later in the Spring, and when it finally did happen, none of the big name acts were there, only a handful of the smaller groups and practically no audience at all.

In the United States, plans for grandiose festivals in New York's Flushing Meadows (with very hip sponsorship) and promoter Sid Bernstein's fantasies for Central Park were announced but never realized. A satisfactory series of concerts were held in Central Park, with commercial sponsorship, and a good series of low-cost weekend concerts were managed in Philadelphia.

Miami, Florida; Costa Mesa (Orange County), California; San Jose (75 miles south of San Francisco), California; Tijuana, Mexico, and other cities were the locations of other self-proclaimed "international pop festivals," but all that anyone went away talking about were unbear-

able heat, dust, poor sound, poor sanitation, too many crowds and mediocre performances and presentations.

As the year ended in December, Miami was host to another festival, which was considered to be both artistically and musically (and financially) a success, even by comparison with the landmark 1967 festival in Monterey. The second Miami show was in large part the work of Tom Rounds, who once did an excellent Magical Mountain Fantasy Fair on Mount Tamalpais, north of San Francisco.

It looked for a while like there would be another Monterey Festival. Lou Adler and John Phillips, producers of the first one, announced they would like to do and would do another one. But the resistance from the city of Monterey's public officials (led by Mayoress Minnie Coyle, pictured above yelling at John Phillips during a hearing in Monterey in March) was so irrational, vicious and ugly, that Adler and Phillips had to give it up.

It might also be noted that the television film of the first Monterey Festival was bounced around all through last year, rejected for TV, edited and re-edited, criticized and circumscribed until in the last weeks of December, it was officially previewed for screening and release in movie houses in 1969.

To Minnie Coyle, stalwart defender of Monterey, the ROLLING STONE Mayor Daley Memorial Award for Bravery and Courage in the Face of the Unwashed Masses.

To John Phillips and Lou Adler—who finally straightened out the money hassle left over from 1967—our hopes and support for another try in 1969.



# It Happened In 1968



It was bound to happen: the world's first hippie strike. Just as March came to a close, the entire staff of KMPX-FM in San Francisco and the staff of KPCC-FM in Los Angeles, the two sister stations which can be fairly credited for the beginning of FM rock radio, walked out on strike with grievances of censorship, harassment and "the whole long hair riff" (left, striker Milan Melvin strikes a pose) on the part of their management. Led by Patriarch Tom Donahue, they braved their way through a hateful and bitter two-month strike, one which saw them land at one new Metromedia FM station but with no real settlement of the strike or the issues.

They formed a union: The Amalgamated American Federation of International FM Workers of the World, Ltd., and thought they would be on a short lark. But weeks of anger, "community" meetings, lawyers, labor, scabs, picketing, benefits, charges and invective were the result, and that resulted in the loss of the nation's hippest radio station.

And the whole scene (there are now four, count 'em, FM rock stations in San Francisco, plus three other FM rockers in the suburbs) was a landmark and leader in the year that radio re-discovered rock and roll and put it on the poor sister, FM. But FM, with stereo capabilities and better signals, is where it should be, and stations approximating free-form rock radio are popping up all over the country. Many of them are pretty lost as far as what they do, but they are trying and may, in the end, still make it.

And who started it all? Tom Donahue. For the second consecutive year, to Donahue, the ROLLING STONE Crystal Set Award. What else?



In a most subtle, but quite obvious way, the hippie died in 1968. As foreseeable from the early part of 1967, slowly and surely that scene was through. Not that good things from it don't remain — because they most certainly do — but the cohesiveness and impetus faded. Whoever the "real" hippies were, the people currently freaking around the Haight-Ashbury and the East Village don't remind us of what the hip ethic was and what it still means, even though aged several years.

In this connection, we wish to give the Drug of the Year Award to amphetamines and all their derivatives and bi-products: methamphetamine, dextroamphetamine, biphetamine and so on. The year before (1967) the award would have gone to LSD and next year we think it will be marijuana.

Psychedelic music also more or less left us, and the media-ized version of that word left, but the interior meaning of it still hangs on in the nicest ways.

John Sebastian formally left the Lovin' Spoonful in September, although he had ceased functioning with the group much earlier. The break-up of the group (Zally had previously left, and Butler and Boone are still carrying on as the Spoonful, but what's in a name?) was one of the least lamented, but probably the saddest of all of the break-ups.

Here were the Good Time Boys, publicly and privately shattered by the Bad Time People, gone without a trace or tear. And yet, their albums remain among the very best of the American post-Beatle revival in American rock and roll.

Sebastian himself scored two films: *You're a Big Boy Now*, *Whar's Up*, *Tiger Lily* and a play, *Jimmy Shines*. With the assistance of producer Paul Rothchild, he recorded a solo album in Los Angeles and released a single of moderate success. His melodic and personal charm remain and we think he'll get a very happy 1969.



Would you buy a lid from this man?



It was a bumper year for the remaining symbols of the 1966 college generation. Mike Nichols made it, Dustin Hoffman was it and Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel sang it good enough to cry and get chills to. It was *The Graduate*, of course, now on its way to being — or perhaps already it — the top grossing movie of 1968 and competing with *Gone With the Wind* and *Sound of Music* for top box office of all time.

Upon seeing the film, the father of one ROLLING STONE staff member said to his son: "Now I understand what all that rock music is about." Even so, Dustin, Paul and Artie became the trio of generational spokesmen, if only for the older generation.

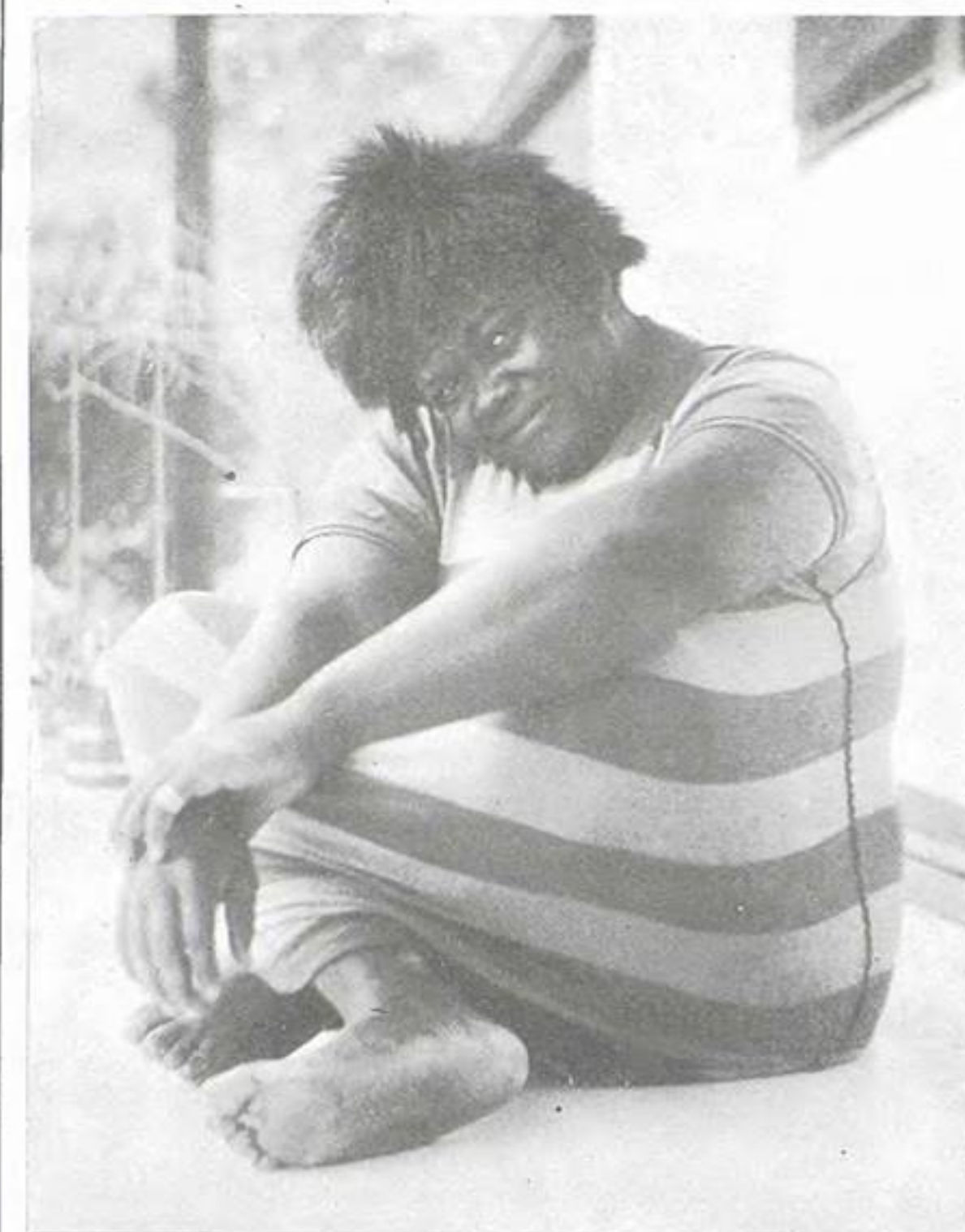
Paul and Artie, with very little publicity outside of the movie soundtrack, became one of the

1968 saw the birth and death of many new experiments in the field of magazines: Cheetah Magazine, saddled with one of the worst names of the 1960s, passed away in the spring after six issues. And 1968 witnessed the birth of Eye Magazine, designed for the "turned on, now generation," which featured such articles as "How to Cram—Five Never Fail Methods," "Should a Proper Young Woman of Impeccable Uprightness Wear an Ankle Bracelet," "The Beauty Guru" (a regular monthly feature), "Decorate Your Car With Instant Fluorescent Decals," a "conversation" with Donovan.

The inside word has it that the Hearst Magazine Corporation (which owns Eye) forbid coverage of "sex, dope and revolution." For this great new-style youth magazine, the voice of the psychedelic generation, we present to William Randolph Hearst Jr. the ROLLING STONE Love Medallion for Courage in Publishing.



Why isn't this man giggling?



When Mike Bloomfield left the Electric Flag, what had become increasingly apparent was made perfectly clear: it was Buddy Miles' band. But all the personality flaws that Michael barely held together eventually came apart when Buddy Miles took over de-facto leadership. Soon most of the original members had parted and were replaced by new people.

The original Flag made one album, a potentially fine record but one which got bogged down by its own weight. A second Flag album was released at the close of year, another nice one, but again bogged by the weight of it.

The Electric Flag was finally foreclosed and Buddy took the remaining musicians to form a group, which he immediately signed with Mercury Records, the Buddy Miles Express, currently represented on wax with an album featuring the lovely title *Expressway to Your Skull*. (Is this trip necessary?)

The above picture of lovable Buddy was snapped at an insouciant moment in Los Angeles — where Buddy now resides — and is deserving of some sort of commendation. How about a Playmate of the Month Award?

Yippie Leader Jerry Rubin's "Festival of Life," the name he gave to the demonstration he was then planning for Chicago in August, turned out to be a "Festival of Death." Whatever the results of Chicago were — and look back on it now, and wonder for a few moments if there were really any substantial changes, for instance, did anyone change their mind? — it certainly wasn't the giant "pop festival" with music, love, happenings, be-ins and related spectacle that Rubin went around the country promising in order to attract people.

None of the performers he announced were going to be there showed up, and as predicted (if you can forgive another pat on the back) in a front-page essay

against the Yippies that appeared in an early April issue of ROLLING STONE, "Chicago is a brutal, uptight town, already seething with hatred of many sorts . . . despite all the fraudulent hippie glamor he is trying to sell, Rubin is inviting a hell of a lot of people to serious injury and possible death."

Not to say that what eventually happened was bad . . . or good . . . it happened, but at least some were forewarned that it wasn't going to be the festival that Rubin was promising. Thus, in hopes that he'll use them well and do a better job next time, we've arranged to save for Jerry's exclusive use all the flowers that the Maharishi is now finished with. He can pick them up in India at his convenience.

## New Joanie

Joanie Baez became Joan Baez Harris, committing merger with Stanford political leader, David Harris. Together they toured the country promoting the Resistance, Joanie urging chicks not to ball cats who wouldn't say no to the draft. Joanie is doing about as well herself: David is preparing to spend five years in jail for draft resistance.

Her music continued in her new adventurous direction this year, attempting the new things available in music today. On the eve of 1969, she had completed and begun to release a two-record set of Dylan songs done in Nashville.

To Joan Baez, the ROLLING STONE Judy Collins Award.



Record companies, promoters and people after success generally will at one time or another try to imitate what is already proven successful. It's James Bond one season and six dozen imitation spy flicks the next. It's Cream and Jimi Hendrix one month and then it's Blue Cheer the next.

But unique in record biz history was MGM's attempt to come up with a successful imitation of an entire city, in this case the "San Francisco Sound." Early last year—February to be precise—like Medusa born full grown, the "Bostown Sound" emerged full-grown and complete in the pages of the trade papers.

Well, MGM's advertising agency gets an A+, but MGM itself deserved something else. They spent close to a million dollars signing groups and promoting them, and worse than MGM's failure was their quite serious damage to the musicians they led up the primrose path, the potential musicians and other groups who were denied respectability and made to seem like part of the same fraud (even though they weren't part of the Bostown Sound promotion) and the damage to Boston if it ever did have the potential for a major rock and roll scene.

Well, it didn't work. Those who let themselves be part of the shuck probably got what they deserved. And MGM certainly got what it deserved: in the record-breaking billion dollar year for the record industry, MGM lost over \$4,000,000.

If it is allowable to present such an award to a corporation, then MGM Records gets the "Sexie Sade You'll Get Yours Yet" Medal.



Despite a best-selling double record set, fantastic concert audiences and a reputation recently unparalleled, it must have been a disappointing year for Cream. At the end of July, they announced they would end it all, make a final concert tour a complete sell-out, working week-ends only, week-days at the plush Beverly Hills Hotel, squeeze out a few more memorial records and do something else.

Their final United States appearance was at Madison Square Garden, and their final English shot at the Royal Albert Hall. *Wheels of Fire* was a monstrously big seller, despite a negative review here and there in the independent press (ho, ho). Eric Clapton got busted with the Buffalo Springfield in April. Later in the year he played for some George Harrison-produced records, and next year he will probably play with Steve Winwood.

Clapton said he would return to the blues; Jack Bruce plans to form some sort of chamber-rock group and go into record production; Ginger Baker will drum away into the midnight . . .

To the Cream—to Eric Clapton, particularly—the ROLLING STONE You'll Never Miss the Water 'Til the Well Runs Dry Award.



Bob Dylan emerged from 18 months of seclusion from the public eye to attend and perform at a public memorial concert to Woodie Guthrie, held at Carnegie Hall in New York City on January 20th of last year. He was accompanied by a band that later turned out to be the band, for his few songs on stage.

John Wesley Harding was the title of Dylan's 1968 album, recorded in Nashville with the best country session musicians. Although it went right up the charts, as predicted, it did not do as well as some had hoped (based on sales of previous albums) in part due to the softer and more subtle tone of the music. Everyone went helter-skelter figuring out Dylan's new message, but if there was one, it was simply what he wrote on the back of the record: he had become a "moderate man."

One of the songs was "The Ballad of Frankie Lee and Judas Priest," which was widely interpreted as being analogous to his relationship with his manager, Albert Grossman. A close listen to the lyrics seems to support that interpretation very well. Dylan was reported "feuding" with Grossman and considering a final split from him when his management contract comes up again. One of the reasons he reportedly did no concerts (other than the Guthrie Memorial) was that he didn't want to make any more money for Grossman.

It was another year of laying low for Bob, sequestered in the mountains of upstate New York with his wife and children and the perennial and endless stream of visitors. His rumored appearance at the Newport Folk Festival didn't materialize.

Other work besides John Wesley Harding, which appeared in 1968, was a demo tape he made

with the members of the band. The tape, dubbed dozens of times, was passed from person to person quite widely. Songs from the tape were done by other artists, including Manfred Mann, Julie Driscoll, Flatt & Scruggs, the Byrds, and the band from Big Pink. Dylan also appeared publicly in a short interview for Sing Out Magazine, which appeared in November.

Meantime, Bob has been getting it together and his plans for 1969 include some sort of public appearances, most likely through film or television (the latter the most likely of all). He has written a lot of new songs and is getting ready for another record album, perhaps in the spring and perhaps, as Bob himself suggests, he'll do an LP of all Beatle songs. Too much!

As usual, Bob, our hat is off to you!

One of the minor controversies of 1968 was the great Stop-This-Shuck-White-Men-Play-The-Blues—Mike Bloomfield—Ralph Gleason and so on. It all began innocently enough with a mammoth ROLLING STONE interview with Michael Bloomfield, one of the scene's more valuable talkers. At the time, Michael was in a band called — you remember — the Electric Flag, which featured this kinda funny lookin' drummer, Buddy something-or-other. Well, Buddy is black and Michael is white, so . . .

Come along the final installment of the interview and Ralph Gleason turns in a column which reads in part: "The trouble with it all is that Bloomfield is a fine musician. But he will always be a Jewish boy from Chicago and not a black man from the Delta. . . . But they keep insisting that the name of their game is chillins and collard greens, and it's actually chicken soup, baby, chicken soup."

"Nuff said."



Come along the issue after that and . . . Nick the Greek Gravenites weighs in with an open letter to Ralph Gleason: "When is Ralph going to get out of his black-white bag? Doesn't he know that Mike is from Chicago and that Chicago has over one million black Americans living there and that it is virtually impossible to live in that city and not become a little black in your heart and in your soul?"

And there were letters to the Editor, and more letters to the Editor, and more letters to the Editor.

Correspondent Floyd Tinsley of Detroit had the last word: "Tis true that you own the paper that you write on, you even own the record companies that my people record for, but you don't own my soul. We brought it with us when we came, we 'improved' it while we were here, and when we go we'll take it with us. Been a long time comin' and we'll be a long time gone. 'Nuff said."

The Jeff Beck Group was the best thing from England this year, with the exception of Traffic. Deluged by British blues bands, they said it with a rock and roll difference, a good record characterized by new sounds, and a respectable tour. At the fall of the year they added British studio great Nicky Hopkins to the piano.

Anyway, Jeff Beck went around the country without his shirt on — maybe it's warm — and set that style in his publicity pictures, so to Jeff, the Annual Robert Christgau Erect Left Nipple Award.



The Rolling Stones will record an entire LP from a jail cell. Back in the U.S.A., Canned Heat's fourth album, *Yassuh Boss*, will feature blues versions of songs made famous by Al Jolson, and a medley of Stephen Foster hits.

Moby Grape will release a five-LP set featuring two original compositions and a two-hour-and-forty-six minute jam on "Honey-suckle Rose." The five LPs will sell for the price normally paid for one.

MGM Records, in an effort to recoup their 1968 losses, will initiate a large-scale advertising campaign to promote the "Wichita Sound," and will sign all of the major groups in and around Wichita, Kansas. Among the groups signed will be "The International Harvesters," and "King Korn and the Kolonels."

The "Kristianity Kick" will begin to peter out around Christmas of '69 when the Rolling Stones will announce their conversion to Judaism.

## PREDICTIONS BY H. A. HAFFNER

One is apt to sit back and reflect on the year gone by; its good points and its bad, accomplishments and failures: it is a time for looking back, a time for evaluation.

But what of the new year, the year to come? What will it bring? What about 69? These questions, particularly as they apply to the everchanging music scene, are of great interest and importance. The future lies, of course, in God's hands; however, any reasonably well-versed student of history — given the facts of the year and years gone by — may present perfectly plausible projections for the coming year (predictions). This I have endeavored to do, and the results appear below.

Forewarned, as they say, is forearmed. The blues revival will continue very strong through the first few months of the year. A new label, Blues/Dues Records, will acquire some previously unreleased Bessie Smith sides (alternate takes) which will be overdubbed and packaged as a two-LP set *The Electric Bessie Smith*.

Eric Burdon will change the name of his group from "Eric Burdon and the Animals" to "Eric Burdon." The re-named group will break up and Burdon will announce that he has forsaken rock entirely and will star in a forthcoming MGM anti-war epic about the last man on earth. Burdon will play the title role and deliver the movie's 45-minute closing soliloquy.

Brian Wilson will publicly repudiate any connection with the Maharishi and Transcendental Meditation and will join the Baptist Church. The Beach Boys, subsequently, will cut an album of Christian hymns entitled *Prayer Sounds*. Side one will be composed entirely of traditional hymns such as "Rock of Ages," while side two will consist exclusively of Brian Wilson originals, among which will be "Outsight Savior," "The Surfer's Prayer," "A Teenage Confession," "The Big Shut Down" and a re-make, with new lyrics added, of "God Only Knows." The album, to be released at Easter time, will feature a rather controversial cover depicting the Crucifixion, with the Beach Boys kneeling reverently around the cross.

The *Prayer Sounds* album will be extremely well received by both the liberal clergy and the critics (Ralph Gleason will call it a "true work of genius, comparable in every respect to Handel's 'Messiah'"). The "Kristianity Kick," as it will be called by the trade journals, will take the rock world by storm. Catholicism in particular will gain many new adherents from the rock scene, and it will not be unusual for a rock group to "get their heads together" on retreat for a week or so before entering the recording studio.

Donovan Leitch will come to the States to appear in a nationwide tour with the Billy Graham "Anti-Marijuana Crusade." Donovan's father will make \$35,000.00 selling "No Hope With Dope" buttons on the tour.

Success of the Donovan-Graham tour will spur a renewed interest in the Prayer Meeting. Most of these meetings will feature rock music, and will be part of the "Great Revival Revival."

The music of The Swan Silvertones, The Harmonizing Four, and The Dixie Humming Birds will receive considerable air time on the "progressive rock" stations, and will enjoy great popularity among the cognoscenti.

ROLLING STONE will devote an entire issue to Mahalia Jackson. A controversy will also be begun about whether Jews can really sing gospel music. Jerry Wexler will appear on The Tonight Show and settle the controversy.

The Vanilla Fudge will record an album entitled *Genesis*, which will musically trace the creation of the universe, life in the Garden of Eden, The Fall, and the history of mankind up to and including The Flood. The ten-LP set, to be distributed by the Longines Symphonette Society, will play at 4 2/3 RPM and will include—in the deluxe edition—a copy of the Old Testament autographed by members of the Fudge.

Former members of the Byrds and Animals will get together to play a charity football game in the Sheepmeadow of New York's Central Park.

Top selling single for the year 1969 will be "I'm Black and I'm Proud" by The Young Rascals.

Jean-Luc Godard's next film, *Senseless*, will again include rock musicians. "The International Harvesters," a relatively unknown group from Wichita, Kansas will be brought by Godard to New York where the film will be shot on location. Numerous mishaps will plague both cast and crew during the filming of *Senseless*, and shooting will be well behind schedule when, during the filming of a scene on the Staten Island Ferry, the boat will mysteriously sink. The "Harvesters" will sue Godard for loss of equipment and for injuries sustained in the accident and will return to Wichita "for good." Godard's own crew and equipment, however, will remain miraculously unscathed during the ferry sinking and the entire incident (shot mostly from a lifeboat) will be recorded on film and included in the finished picture.

Although the *Cruisin'* album will reach well over one million dollars in sales, Reuben Sano will again leave the Jets. "Let's face it, I'm just too old for this kinda stuff," Reuben will be quoted as saying. "I'm glad a lotta the old folks dug our album and bought it, but on our concert tour nobody showed up. I don't know what the resta the guys are doing, but I'm leaving it to the kids. Some of them new groups are pretty sharp, if you like that kinda stuff." Reuben will marry his childhood sweetheart and "settle down." The remaining members of the group will open a bowling alley—"Jet Lanes"—which will include a full-size restaurant, cocktail lounge, and a small night-club featuring exotic dancers.

On the British scene, the Beatles will open a chain of drive-in restaurants. The restaurants will serve American-style hamburgers, hot dogs, and hero sandwiches, and will be called "Yellow Submarine."

The Rolling Stones will record an entire LP from a jail cell. Back in the U.S.A., Canned Heat's fourth album, *Yassuh Boss*, will feature blues versions of songs made famous by Al Jolson, and a medley of Stephen Foster hits.

Moby Grape will release a five-LP set featuring two original compositions and a two-hour-and-forty-six minute jam on "Honey-suckle Rose." The five LPs will sell for the price normally paid for one.

MGM Records, in an effort to recoup their 1968 losses, will initiate a large-scale advertising campaign to promote the "Wichita Sound," and will sign all of the major groups in and around Wichita, Kansas. Among the groups signed will be "The International Harvesters," and "King Korn and the Kolonels."

The "Kristianity Kick" will begin to peter out around Christmas of '69 when the Rolling Stones will announce their conversion to Judaism.



# It Happened In 1968

Our Manuscripts Department receives a wide variety of material submitted for use in this periodical. Some of the contributions are returned fairly quickly, some are used, and some are held for future use. Early in 1968 we began receiving a very peculiar brand of poetry and prose and thus established the "Jim Morrison File," in which we placed a certain type of verse (all of it free verse, incidentally) for "later use."

As 1968 drew to a close, we decided to once and for all close the "Jim Morrison File." Here-with we present two of the most representative poems from the lot: one for Jim and one for Janis. (Both writers are female: "Images of Jim" was written by Marie Mirsabelli and "Sing A Song of Raw Meat" was done by Miss Ginger Wilson.)

## "Images of Jim"

I: Lion  
In one movement  
he jumps from the musical shadows;  
seizes the microphone  
in both long hands  
his cat face glowing  
against the light.  
He shouts:  
chestnut mane whipping  
blackleather hips grinding—  
catches  
the thick violence  
around him  
and screams it out  
in lonesome nihilist poetry,  
captures  
unalloyed joy and  
laughs seductively  
stamps his booted feet  
like a flamenco dancer  
and calls anyone  
willing to follow him.  
He won't smile much  
smile being  
an ultrabrite leer  
hiding  
nothing  
giving  
nothing  
big sick toothy grin  
made of plexiglass.

His only is  
a quick slash  
of teeth  
flickering gratitude,  
slightly  
frightened,  
to the fans  
who might  
realize  
what a rebel  
he really is  
or who will be  
the Thracian women  
to his Orpheus;—  
But he is  
open and playful  
and proud and humble  
at once  
to those  
who will approach him  
as one approaches  
any other human being.  
and those  
whom he frightens  
and those  
whom he disgusts  
are those  
afraid  
to follow him  
and all like him  
and to realize  
as he  
and I  
realize  
there is  
no light  
at the end  
of the tunnel.  
Writhing Door  
pale orator,  
flaming  
erect—  
tortured  
and torturing  
eager and ready  
to hump your mind  
across the  
floor—  
first time  
you're scared  
but then you come back  
again and again  
for more—  
you writhe too;  
pulsing voice  
orgasmic sounds,  
dark religion  
where  
the only sin  
is to answer  
with a meaningless  
squeal  
and to close your  
door  
to the batteringram  
of creation—

## "Sing a Song of Raw Meat"

Brewed on the banks  
balled on the hanks  
of Life

in the tradition of  
Mae West  
and  
Black blues singers  
Her accident ward wall  
That raw meat voice  
forced from a raucous  
resonator  
her throat  
Flaunting major and minor  
musical scales  
Sexual excitement  
Emotional catharsis  
flawing jaggedly  
into some electronic silver  
wand  
a microphone  
Magically magnetically attracting  
listeners loving  
perceivers persuaded by  
her flagrant, vagrant  
vibrating vocal chords  
Her body  
a mass of bejeweled velvet  
shamelessly sways  
breasts bouncing bralessly  
to the  
irregular, regularly recurring  
Big Brother & The Holding  
Company's beats  
Her hair  
matte finish frizz  
An elongated flying frame  
for the fantastic face  
strands streaming, whipping  
around  
the mouth screaming  
Marvel mouth  
pretty wide track smile  
modifying and articulating  
the sounds of self-revelation  
strident syllables  
Partly powered by  
"The Grand Old Drink of  
the South"  
sometimes an image  
awkwardly  
teetering and tottering  
Always beads and bracelets  
banking, blinking lights  
Unpigmented lips  
split by songs  
"Down on ME", "Piece of  
My Heart"  
she gives another little  
piece of her throat  
Sweat on a fantastically decadent  
blouse  
bearing silent witness  
efforts of the performance  
dark stained violet crepe  
empirical evidence  
Joplin receiving a standing  
ovation  
for giving an audience  
an aural orgasm  
Clapping and shouting  
final ferocious feedback  
for the woman  
Janis  
with the  
raw  
meat  
voice



The Jefferson Airplane was all over the place, winning a Gold Record for *Surrealistic Pillow*, seeing *Crown of Creation* shoot to the ten top-selling LP list at year's end, starring in Jean Luc Godard's as yet unreleased film *One American Movie*, jamming with ex-Senator and JFK press aide Pierre Salinger (he blew piano), touring with the Doors to England and Holland with an Airplane entourage of 27 people and 10,000 pounds of equipment, appearing on the Ed Sullivan Show, the Smothers Brothers Show (with Grace Slick in blackface, because, in her words, "If you listen to the words of *Crown of Creation* and think about a spade singing it, it makes a lot of sense. Women year makeup all the time, so why not black? Next time maybe I'll wear green.

Makeup is pretty silly anyway. I did it because it was a trip; it's weird to have blue eyes and a black face. The whole thing started when I was watching TV and someone said that blacks look better on television in close-ups, so I wandered around the house wearing blackface and flashing on myself in the mirror. Perhaps a bored socialite can do the same thing and go shopping in blackface and maybe pick up some bargains. There weren't any blacks on the show and the quota needed a little adjustment. I knew nearly everyone would object to it", recording a live album at Fillmore East and Fillmore West (for 1969 release), and departing Bill Graham's managerial services, amicably. To the Jefferson Airplane goes the compliments of our chef.



Arthur Brown's head caught on fire in several major cities here and abroad, thrilling the legion of fans who made his single "Fire" number one for a few weeks — though, curiously enough, nobody ever heard it on the radio. The second side of his LP demonstrated that Brown has at least a respectable blues voice when he's not pre-occupied with keeping his head in flames. But when Arthur packed up his Crazy World of . . . for an American tour, advance sales were so bad everywhere that he cancelled rather than bombing in San Francisco, and shortly thereafter dropped the whole tour and returned to Britain, thus earning the ROLLING STONE Is This Trip Really Necessary Award.

Big Brother & the Holding Co. was easily the most successful San Francisco band of the year, with their long-awaited *Cheap Thrills* album topping the LP charts for 10 weeks and earning a Gold Record. Trouble with *Cheap Thrills* was that it might have been better. Producer John Simon refused to have his credit listed. 1968 was the year Big Brother — on the wings of Janis Joplin's total overkill blues shouting — hit two rock and roll pinacles of sorts: they signed with Columbia Records, and they signed with Albert Grossman. At one point, Janis told a reporter: "We found the sound together. I'd still be singing like somebody else if it hadn't been for Peter, Sam, James and Dave.

They're great guys and I really can't imagine working with anybody else." By the time that quote reached the public, though, Big Brother was playing its last date, and Janis was rehearsing her own group, called the Janis Joplin Revue — though her emissaries staunchly denied that was the name — which debuted inauspiciously at a Stax-Volt Christmas party. She had been bad-mouthing Big Brother for some while, complaining that they didn't give her heavy enough backing — a fair criticism — and the emotional strains had been fierce. As 1969 begins, Big Brother plans to carry on without her. To Janis goes the ROLLING STONE It's Always Fair Weather When Good Friends Stick Together Award.



The Non-News Story of the Year Award: to the Monkees in general, for their record albums, their imitation-Beatle movie (*Head*), for Nesmith's incredibly dull *Wichita Train* Whistle LP with Shorty Rogers; and finally, for the fact that Peter Tork (above) is leaving the group (which will carry on as a trio, the Mike Nesmith Experience, perhaps?) which news was not even carried by the trade papers, let alone the New York Times.

An undistinguished year for the Beach Boys, never quite seeming to get into the groove. For example, how about their tour with the Maharishi. Just an excuse to bring the old man up, dumped by the Beatles, returned to Rishikesh, and now — like Murray the K—able to uneasily rest on his new nickname, "The Fifth Beach Boy."



## Oh, Brother!

"I'm doing what I love," he says. "I know every one of them by name and I've provided for them when I die." Thus speaks Mr. John Lockwood (pictured above) in the midst of his donkeys. Mr. Lockwood arises each morning at 4:30 a.m. and spends most of his day shoveling donkey shit and tossing hay. With his wife, Kay, he cares for 170 blind, lame or old and doddering donkeys.

John Lockwood is the brother

of multimillionaire Sir Joseph Lockwood, chairman of the board of Electrical and Musical Industries (EMI), the largest record company in the world (owns Capitol Records, has the Beatles under contract, among others). Brother John, once a businessman himself, explains that he got fed up with the human race 12 years ago and decided to devote his life to something else.

A ROLLING STONE Award to John Lockwood.

1968 was the year of the Kings — B.B. and Albert. B.B. started being known at the white rock halls, showing off the original all-over-the-guitar blues style, and recorded one of his better albums, *Lucille*, which gave his guitar-playing plenty of room. Albert too brought his music to a broader audience, had a gratifying record in *Live Wire/Blues Power*, and saw his simple, intense instrumental style paid tribute by many young guitarists. Albert continued to tell people he and B.B. were half-brothers, and B.B. continued to deny it mildly, unfortunately making the two men ineligible for the Family that Plays Together Award.



Would you buy a lid from this man?



# It Happened In 1968



1968 was the Year After for San Francisco. The Hippies of the Summer of Love split in all directions, and the second- and third-generation "media hippies" who replaced them on Haight Street looked, jingled and thronged like them, but were a different sort. The Haight became a center of disease, litter, amphetamine psychosis and violence, its windows boarded up against take-off artists.

The music scene gained in breadth of talent, but lost in community feeling. San Francisco had become a commercial music center. The "world-famous" Fillmore Auditorium, in itself an unengaging structure, became too crowded for dancing and prices went up, and up.

The Dead, the Airplane and some friends obtained a much more attractive hall, the Carousel Ballroom, and for a few delirious months put on a good series of dances, recalling the early Family Dog days. Eventually the behind-the-scenes shady dealings and mismanagement of promoter Ron Rackow and others came to light and the Carousel operation folded, to be opened again under Bill Graham's management as the Fillmore West. There were the usual mumbblings against bead-less, bellbottom-less Graham, despite Rackow's confession that Graham was probably the only man who could run it. Graham's only remaining competition, the Family Dog's Avalon Ballroom, was closed at year's end by neighborhood pressure and an unfriendly Board of Permit Appeals.

The San Francisco Band of the Year in '68 was unquestionably Blue Cheer (above). Impossibly loud, unashamedly imitative, they carried the image of the egotistical methfreak to new extremes. They seemed to aim at creating, with musical instruments, the effect of a pack of motorcycle-riding Hell's Angels, and thus—from the standpoint their audiences—they characterized the qualities that have won for San Francisco, ROLLING STONE's Not With a Bang, but a Whimper Award.

## Other Quotes

Eric Burdon summing it all up: "After all, the Maharishi never sang like Ray Charles." And Beach Boy Carl Wilson, when asked about playing in South Africa's apartheid-governed cities, said, "As far as segregation is concerned, we're apolitical."

A productive year for Frank Zappa and the Mothers. During a period of escalating conflict with their label Verve, they released the avant-garde satire of *We're Only in it for the Money*—and the avant-garde ballet/sound collage of *Lumpy Gravy*. Zappa's first release on his own label Bizarre took them to the avant-garde schlock of *Ruben and the Jets*. 1968 also saw the birth of Zappa's child Moon Unit and the Mothers' return from New York to Los Angeles, where Zappa obtained the old Tom Mix house. It was also a year in which he was discovered and highly praised by English rock musicians such as Eric Clapton (the compliments ran off him like water off a duck's back) and was invited to a major European song festival. What else but the Mother Image Award?

Jimi Hendrix, an American, boy out of Seattle, went to England and headed a British band in 1966 and 1967. He spent most of 1968 back home in the States. When you went to hear him you heard a lot more guitar—and got a fantastic stage presence to go along with it with a whole lot less bullshit in the bargain. Incredible guitar. Blues players, jazz players, rock players—all were agreed that Hendrix' improvisations transcended category and constituted music as imaginative and alive as rock and roll has known. Jimi, more than any other player, has extended the voice of amplified guitar to an incredible new range of emotive sounds. And in Noel Redding and Mitch Mitchell he chose the perfect musicians to complement him.

Hendrix simultaneously went farther out and closer to the core in 1968, blowing more blues than ever since the Experience came together. His three LPs all rode high in the charts during the year: *Are You Experienced*, released in the fall of 1967; *Axis: Bold As Love*, released in spring 1968; and *Electric Ladyland*, the amazing two-record set that came out in the fall. The first two albums only intimated the Experience's full power, though the first was notable for "Foxey Lady" and "Purple Haze" and both were first-rate rock and roll records. Both won Gold Records for their sales.

But *Electric Ladyland* was the first Hendrix LP to reach top

place on the LP charts—and deservedly so. The album had everything going for it; generous parts of Hendrix' vaunted jamming (with friends like Al Kooper and Buddy Miles and Jack Casady and Steve Winwood along for the trip), a string of gassy new compositions, a beautiful performance of Dylan's "All Along the Watchtower"—which also did well as a single—and all-around excellent production (especially on "House Burning Down," where his guitar itself seems to be going up in flames) by Hendrix, who was his own producer.

He celebrated his return to his native soil patriotically by creating a spaced, totally chaotic "Star Spangled Banner" rendition owing nothing to the more-often heard American Legion-DAR-generations of school teachers arrangement of the anthem. The only sour notes came late in the year, when Jimi was hospitalized with torn ligaments in his leg from a street accident, and earlier, when the Carnegie Hall management, fearful of what horrors of destruction his electric presence might summon, banned him. It was announced just as 1968 slipped away that Mitch Mitchell would go out on his own as a single—though the drummer will still perform with Hendrix.

For creativity, electricity and balls above and beyond the call of duty, he has won for himself the ROLLING STONE Performer of the Year Award.



As usual, it was a big year for the Beatles, characterized by activity, movement and energy. They finally started Apple, but not after closing down their 1967-initiated Apple Clothing Shop, by just opening the doors and giving away free all the clothing within.

In the fall, John and Paul journeyed to New York and announced the formation of Apple Corps, a several part business-arts scheme which ended up as a record company. Capitol Records was signed to distribute the label in return for which the Beatles themselves got transferred from the Capitol label to Apple (and what's in a name?).

*Magical Mystery Tour* was seen here and there but not yet put on general release, despite assurances of success. The print was loaned to various hip causes for benefits, most of them in San Francisco. *Yellow Submarine*, the cartoon feature about the Beatles, was beautiful. The parts the Beatles themselves were in were a little corny, the scripting also a little corny at moments, but the design and animation was—like Beatles records—a complete and artful use of all the known possibilities and styles in the current graphic arts. Gorgeous.

George Harrison spent a month in Los Angeles recording a first album for Jackie Lomax, and earlier in the year he completed work on the soundtrack of the film *Wonderwall*. Paul worked with a brass band recording some instrumental versions of Beatle songs and produced Mary Hopkin's best-selling "Those Were the Days" single and an album for her. John and Yoko did *Two Virgins*, and all together they did a double-LP, *The Beatles*, winning the ROLLING STONE Award for the Album of the Year.

Sam and Dave, the "dynamic duo" from Stax ("Soulsville U.S.A.") had a hard-working year, the kind of year that is necessary to prepare brilliant performing artists. They left Phil Walden's management and went from the Stax label to Atlantic. If in 1969 they are fitted with just a few top ten hits songs, they will sweep the country. Anyway, they're doing good enough now and so the 1968 Soul Award.

"Lady Madonna" and "Hey Jude" were issued as singles in 1968, the latter winning the ROLLING STONE Award for the Song of the Year.

John and Yoko made headlines, getting busted and getting undressed. An interview with John Lennon's penis appeared in the London underground paper, the International Times. They also put on an art exhibit in London titled "You Are Here." No one was sure. All this followed John's separation and divorce from his wife Cynthia, the same year that Paul left Jane Asher (or vice versa.)

The Beatles, the authorized biography, was issued this past year, with five other books on the Beatles, including a collection of essays about them, none of them, other than the biography, worth noting.

The Maharishi was disowned by Paul and John on an American television show ("We don't go out with him anymore") and on the same show they had to listen to insulting remarks from Tallulah Bankhead, who died several months afterwards.

At the end of the year, John, Paul, George and Ringo were planning to do a "live" television show and thinking of a concert tour in 1969. Some of these things will happen, and we're all looking forward to it.

On the flip-side of "Hey Jude" was a song called "Revolution," which too many people (not rock and roll fans) took a little too seriously. Another good year, though, all in all from the Beatles, and we'd just like to say, "thank you."

The defenders of chemical virtue were unflagging in their efforts last year. The following were among the famous and near-famous who showed up on the 1968 Bust Calendar: Sergeant Sunshine, Steve Miller Band, Eric Clapton, Neil Young, Jim Messina, Richie Furay, Brian Jones, Keith Richards, Nick Jagger, the Buckingham, the Strawberry Alarmclock, Hugh Masekela, John Lennon, Yoko Ono, Eddie Floyd, Frank Werber, Owsley Stanley (again—and again), and Country Joe McDonald.



The Rolling Stones began 1968 at one of the lowest points in their career and closed the year at high tide. The spring saw Brian Jones, Keith Richards and Mick Jagger all involved in dope cases, hassling with lawyers (leopards and crooks) and courts. Mick was seen in and out of jail and in handcuffs, and Brian got arrested again. Finally though, they were let off with fines, although for a while it looked like jail sentences.

Mick took the leading role in a movie to be released next year, *Performance*, about a rock and roll singer; Jean Luc Godard filmed the group in the recording studio for scenes in his *One Plus One*; and just before Christmas they did a television spectacular for release in 1969, starring themselves and such as John

Lennon, Eric Clapton, Pete Townshend and so on.

The spring and early summer was taken up with sessions for *Beggar's Banquet*, after which Mick and Keith came to Los Angeles to mix the tapes for a month. The release was held up in the controversy over a totally harmless cover, but when it finally went on the market (at the same moment as *The Beatles*) everyone knew it: they had made their finest record yet.

So we wish to commend the Rolling Stones as "our boys," thank them for a great album and hope they keep it up in 1969. For 1968, the award for the Best Rock and Roll Album from England; for "Sympathy for the Devil," the award for the Best Track of the Year; and finally what else but the ROLLING STONE Rolling Stone Award?

Al Kooper's *Blood, Sweat and Tears* put out one of the best albums of the year early in 1968, and then lost little time in breaking up. Or rather, losing Kooper and horn section leader Randy Becker (who left to join the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis jazz band). BS&T maintained they'd been a group before they'd had Kooper and would continue without him, though they barely managed to get out another album that year. Kooper for his part was very active: by the time it was announced he was leaving *Blood, Sweat & Tears*, he had recorded some sides with Jimi Hendrix and gigged and recorded with Paul Butterfield, and as the year progressed he recorded with Moby Grape on *Grape Jam*, sat in with the Rolling Stones on some sessions, jammed with Steve Stills and Mike Bloomfield on *Super Session*, and appeared on numerous occasions we haven't even been told about.

To *Blood, Sweat & Tears*, the If You Can Make It in New York, You Can Make It Anyplace Award; to Al Kooper, the ROLLING STONE Groupie of the Year Award.



Would you buy a lid from this man?

## Starving?

Paul McCartney was quoted in New Musical Express, an English pop paper, saying: "Starvation in India doesn't worry me one bit. Not one iota it doesn't, man. And it doesn't worry you, if you're honest. You just pose. You don't even know it exists. You've just seen the charity ads. You can't pretend to me than an ad reaches down into the depths of your soul and actually makes you feel more for these people than, for instance, you feel about getting a new car."

The Health Notice Of the Year (from Open City, a Los Angeles underground newspaper):

"Important Public Health Notice: If you have been exposed to infectious hepatitis, the police want a sample of your feces. Place a stool sample in a plastic bag and give it to the first officer you see. If he is not there, leave it in his squad car, on the floor or on the front seat, where he will be sure to find it. Thank you."

The Doors continued to ride high and be ominous in 1968, though their pose of continually venturing into the unknown was getting a little strained. There was a satisfying number of uproars—the obscenity bust at New Haven, an occasional restrained fall from the stage (more effective for the infrequency), a riot by some definition or another here and there (a minor one in Phoenix being magnified into a horrific but totally fictitious free-for-all as part of the same blacklisting move that affected Country Joe). Then there was the English tour, which was met with incomprehension and boredom. To the Doors, the What Goes Up Must Come Down Award; and to Jim Morrison a That Was the Freak That Was Certificate.

## 'Sincerely Yours'

In the way of "last words," here is an incident recounted by Michael Zwerin in his column in the Village Voice. Zwerin is quoting Columbia Records producer Bob Johnston in a conversation with Al Kooper in Nashville.

"You know, Al," says Johnston, who produced the *Johnny Cash Live at Folsom Prison* album, "I got a letter on some official stationery signed by a woman—guess she was a secretary or somethin'—askin' what word was beeped out on 'Folsom Prison.' So ah wrote her back. 'Dear Miss so and so: The word beeped out on *Johnny Cash Live at Folsom Prison* is 'fuck.' Sincerely yours, Bob Johnston."



# PERSPECTIVES: DAWN OF TRUE SEXUAL HYSTERIA

BY RALPH J. GLEASON

Elvis Presley didn't have on blue suede shoes when I saw him. He wore black pumps instead and when he went on stage he removed his cream-colored striped jacket with the black velvet collar and put on a blood-red one.

Now that his TV special showed he still had the drawing power, Elvis and the Colonel are discussing his going out on tour and actually making personal appearances. Live concert appearances have been rare in the Presley career. He made half a dozen or so in the beginning and then the TV shows and the hit records spun him right off into the flicks and he was gone.

Back in June of 1956 when Jim Morrison was eleven years old, Elvis Presley came to the Oakland Auditorium Arena across the Bay from San Francisco. It's been renovated since then but it was at the time really raunchy, an old hall with a huge stage, U-shaped balcony and a flat floor with moveable seats. Elvis didn't sell it out.

That was most surprising. He did two shows, which may have been the problem, but he certainly came in with all the press and radio in the world going for him. Full coverage at the airport and the rest. It was a Sunday night but that shouldn't have stopped anyone. After all, it was Elvis. Right?

Before the show he hung around the dressing room, poking his head out the door occasionally to yell at the chickies hanging over the railing above him and talking with friends and people he'd gone to school with. He was afraid of the crowd even though he said he loved them. When he went to the head, he took along a police escort.

The crowd was overwhelmingly female and young. They screamed like their descendants did for the Beatles. The sound, echoing off those walls which had seen Ringling Brothers and the Harlem Globe Trotters and so many old, tired prize fights, was deafening. He signed some programs (one chick fainted just before she got to him).

I asked him about the audience and he said, in a thick drawl, "Ah thunk they-yuh wonderful. It makes muh wont tuh live up tuh they-ah opinion uv muh." Or something like that. The show left him sweating and he stayed in the dressing room for half an hour afterwards until a squad of Oakland cops could arrange an exit to his Caddy. Dozens of girls charged the police escort and almost got him as he climbed into the car (like Dylan in *Don't Look Back*) and as he drove away they stood there screaming and waving.



Before he made the run to the car, an occasional chick would get past the cops and bust all the way through to the dressing room door. He was sweet to them as earlier he had baited them as they hung over the railing or, when he was onstage, they ran up to the line of cops. He'd slap his crotch and give a couple of bumps and grinds and half grin at the insane reaction it produced each time.

He actually kissed a couple of them on the cheek after signing their programs and it was a clean, kind gesture that seemed quite removed from the hysteria that surrounded the rest of the show.

His Oakland appearance was the week he was on the Milton Berle program with Les Baxter, Debra Paget and a wild looking chick named Irish McCalla. On stage in Oakland he sang his songs and he held a guitar (though he never played it, using it really as a prop). The group with him, described by one of the promoters as high school friends, did all the playing. Elvis just sang and did a kind of prehistoric Twist.

It was the first show I'd seen that had the true element of sexual hysteria in it. There'd been appearances by all kinds of other pop music stars, back to Fats Domino and Chuck Berry and including the Everly Brothers and Paul Anka, but never anything like what Elvis produced. Even Hank Williams at the zenith of his fame didn't arouse the kind of teen age thing that Elvis did.

It wasn't the response The Beatles produced. Then it was love and adulation and the joy of recognition as if they were themselves an extension of the audience. It was somehow different with Elvis and I've puzzled about it in the years since then.

By the time The Beatles hit the U.S. they knew who they were, for one thing. And I don't think Elvis quite had it settled in his head then. Even though he got a lot of radio promotion for the event, the Colonel and the rest of the show's producers thought he was basically a Country and Western performer. Cowboy deejays sponsored the show and emceed it. Not rock 'n roll people.



Then again Elvis didn't represent at the time, no matter how much he may represent it in retrospect, any dawn of a new youth era. He was just another instant teen age success and the quality that he had, which as I say I think he was unclear about himself, was certainly not clear to his organization.

Johnny Ray had been big by virtue of imitating the rhythm and blues singers from Little Miss Cornshucks on. He came right out of R&B but Elvis came out of R&B and Country and Western and he sang the blues much better than Ray ever could have. After all, the blues had been around in the mouths of white performers before but there was a world of difference between Elvis' approach to it and the approach of Frankie Laine and Peggy Lee. And Elvis may have been a hillbilly but he didn't sound like a hillbilly. He sounded much more relaxed than that and he didn't have the hillbilly whine.

Nobody really suspected what was about to happen. It's a cinch that Milton Berle didn't. After all, he let him get away and the general public and mass media thought of him only as the kid who did the pelvic (remember Elvis the Pelvis?) grinds and made those awful sounds.

Whatever he had that turned them on was not anything that came over to the post-teen set either. Fats Domino reached an older age bracket and so did Chuck Berry and Chuck even reached a lot of white kids that Fats didn't. When Fats and Chuck made their first West Coast tours, the audience was black for Fats and white for Chuck Berry and the promoters, those hard-nosed, deaf-eared realists, immediately classified them accordingly.

The Colonel was a patent medicine hustler, a real life W. C. Fields circus barker who had the quick reactions necessary in the carny circuit and when he latched on to Elvis he didn't see where it was going but he let it move a little and then he dug the course it might take.

Elvis was simple and direct and uncomplicated. He did the visual thing Jim Morrison does but he did it with less sophistication and without the pure cynicism of Morrison or Mick Jagger. He did it straight and seemed mildly surprised at the reaction and like a good showman, once he knew what they wanted he socked it to them. In later years a man associated with Harry Belafonte wrote a novel about a black sex symbol performer who wore skin tight pants with a jock strap stuffed with kotex. That was too contrived for the Presley of 1956. He was just a kid from the town where Nathan Bedford Forrest fought a battle and he sang what he had learned where he grew up.

It was as simple as that, I suspect.

The Oakland Auditorium had five or six thousand kids for those two shows of Presley's. I often wonder what music they listen to now and if they belong to the Playboy Club and live in the stucco and plastic suburban developments and if they ever happened to see Jim Morrison, what they think of it. Elvis' songs were songs of alienation, too, and of young love. None of us knew it then but a whole new world was opening up. I wonder what it will be like when he goes out on concerts now. And will those original fans return?



The Mamas and the Papas were in a state of ebb and flow through most of the year, drifting apart, breaking up, coming back together again to make an LP, coming apart again, as mamas and papas will. It was the end of an affair, and the thing about affairs is they're always best at the start. First came *Farewell to the First Golden Era*, a good "greatest hits" LP. Then they split for good, sort of, with Cass (who got caught stealing hotel towels) making a lot of talk about doing a single act. Then back together again, in the recording studio, anyway, for *The Papas and the Mamas* album, which was . . . oh, just fair.

Somewhere along the way Cass did a single of "Dream A Little Dream of Me," a pretty song, prettily done, in a style combining the best of Doris Day and Kate Smith. It got played a lot on the air, and bought by a lot of people, though her solo album (which contained a track titled after an apocalyptic fear that gripped the hippie/star-gazer/thumbsucker set during 1968: "California Earthquake") didn't fare so well. Now Cass was on her own at last, a Celebrity in the shiny world of L.A. pop, gracing the scene with her presence now and again, and actually getting up a Las Vegas stage act. She promised it would blow every mind within range of her voice. Instead it was an embarrassing bore, a complete disaster, and Mama Cass split Vegas after one show, claiming illness.

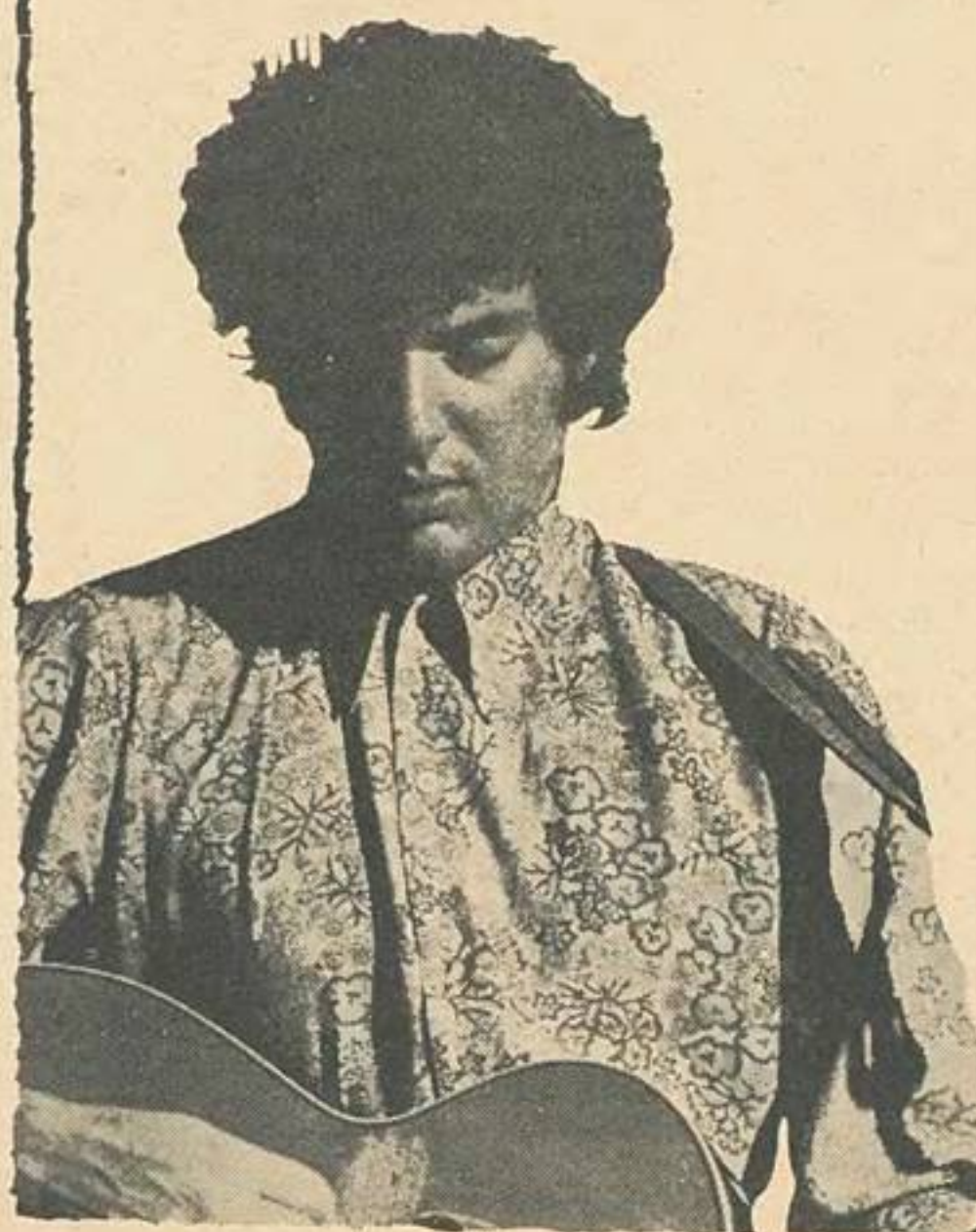
At the end of 1968, the following phrases were retired from service and given the ROLLING STONE Gold Watch Award: Heavy. Body music. Head music. It's about fucking. Cellular Memories. Super-star. Sock-it-to-me. Don't forget to boogie. Feed your head. Festival of Life. Yip-pie!

Could you call it a year in which a lot of bands broke up? Could you give all these people the Up Creeque Alley Without A Paddle Award?

Al Kooper and a few men left Blood Sweat & Tears; Steve Winwood departed from Traffic; The Steve Miller Band broke and reformed, short of two men, within one week; The Yardbirds ceased existence although there are new bands from that; the Buffalo Springfield went bye-bye, although there is still a group with that name; the Byrds are just a Byrd (Roger McGuinn); Quicksilver lost Gary Duncan and may not continue at all; The Electric Flag is gone; Hollies lost Graham Nash; Moby Grape—God knows what happened to them; the Lovin' Spoonful is now just a little Spoonful; the celebrated Cream—you know happened to them; David Ruffin left the Temptations; Bill Medley left Bobby Hatfield (though still a Righteous Brother); the Mama's and Papa's left each other. Other break-ups: Cynthia and John. Paul and Jane.

Country Joe and the Fish, after an abortive breakup, started 1968 as the first San Francisco group to tour England. They had a busy year — Joe got married and celebrated the occasion (and the band's reintegration) with the album *Together*. In Chicago for a gig that coincided with the Democratic Convention, they got beat up at their hotel by a couple of GI's who split in a yellow Stingray. And they ended the year by getting blue-listed for their naughty cheerleading ("Give me an F-U-C-K—What's that spell? F U C K!") calling LBJ a bastard, blackface routines on the touchy subject of race war, and other un-showbiz activities. Aesthetically, the group started at the top; now, after an EP and three LP's, they are in line for the Mock Sole/Tunafish Salad Award.

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BY BEN FONG-TORRES

By the time the kid made it into Greenwich Village he was, at 17, no longer a kid. He'd shorn himself of his given name, Chester Powers, Jr., and told people to call him Dino Valente. He'd just cut loose from his parents' chosen rat race, the runways and tents of the carnival circuit, and he told people that he was a composer, a guitar-picker, a folk singer.

Just like all the other cats those days in the late Fifties in the Village.

But if Valente was just getting himself into another rut—this time of basement clubs that didn't pay and of five-story walk-up crash pads—he didn't know it. Even among the newly-huddled nonconformists, he brashly thought himself unique.

So he spent his first evening in East Village singing in the park; there were no vacancies at any of the coffeehouses strung along McDougal. Then just before two A.M., Dino Valente entered one of the houses, determined to make his Village stage debut. He located the owner from out of the smoke-blanketed, Feifferesque audience, pointed at his guitar and said, "I want to play." The owner, Manny Ross, pointed to his wrist and said, "We're closing."

"Well, let me play 'til you close."

"Well . . ."

"Man, I was really jacked up," Dino says, "and I went in there and started playing and didn't get off 'til two o'clock the next afternoon."

It's a short distance between the no- or low- pay Village clubs, and before long, Dino Valente had hit them all, earning a reputation as the "underground Dylan" (underground because he remained unrecorded for such a stubbornly long time).

It's a long distance from New York to San Francisco, with ten years and a jail term in between. But Dino hasn't changed much. At the Human Be-in at Golden Gate Park in early 1967, he pranced around the polo field like the minstrel clown he'd been raised to be, singing, joking, blowing his flute and a few hundred minds.

Even now, famed for his composition "Get Together" and having released, finally, a first LP, he prefers to roam the underground circuit, playing small clubs and the rock ballrooms.

And even more than that, he likes to drift around San Francisco, Mill Valley, and Sausalito (where he keeps a newly-bought houseboat) with his two Great Danes, his buddies from the Quicksilver Messenger Service, and/or any of a vast stable of chicks.

"I like things to be going on," he says. "I like trying, I like doing, flying, making, running, being, balling, ING-ing . . . not stop-dead and stagnated."

Valente ends the assertion with a self-satisfied smile. Just showered, he's lotus-positioned on a couch in a dark, low-ceilinged Mill Valley shack he's dropped in on. Three young blondes hover over and around him, ready to serve their now-shirtless master at either a beck or a call.

They're pretty; seen at an original-design dress shop moving from rack to rack in floor-length Renaissance-period gowns, they might be called "groovy." This night, they're running water for Dino's shower, offering tea and pie for Dino's pangs, and serving as a might-as-well-be-canned audience for Dino's utterances.

For years now, it's been this way. Valente may not be an Electric Star (although he was asked by David Crosby, in 1965, to be one of the first Byrds) with

teenyboppers hanging all over his body. But, as his good friend Tom Donahue says, "Dino's one of the few American singers around who have a real capacity to sing to chicks." And his rep as a superballer is as widespread and rampant as his mostly-discarded past.

On stage in a small club, Valente can be overpowering. To accommodate his frequent and fierce headshakes, six or eight mikes flank him; and he peers out at the audience hazily, as if looking over a growth of steel weeds. He is not good-looking; his voice is smoky, and, finesse on the 12-stringer notwithstanding, his compositions are musically monotonous, his lyrics remarkably unremarkable. Always there's that pained moan interrupting or punctuating a line, giving it a climactic clause; always that same beat, just draggy enough to allow a fluid guitar accompaniment.

The secret potion, for Valente, is a mixture of stance and communicative lyricism. He's the counselor, the brother, the available lover. In "Something New," he sings:

*You tell me your guy doesn't turn you on any more . . .*

*Here's a tower straight and tall*

*Something to run to when you fall,*

*You don't have to cry, babe . . .*

As Donovan Leitch seems transfixed by crystals and sunshine, Valente seems similarly absorbed with natural phenomena. "My Friend" is an image-a-line:

*Just like a breath of morning*

*Purple magic dawning*

*Can you know the dreams I always will dream*

*Can you see me, my friend*

*Then come laughing,*

*Dancing to the song the wind sings*

*Barefoot girl of beads and paper rings*

*Fairytale things, my friend.*

And if use of the second person pronoun is the cardinal rule of effective communication, Valente's got it down pat. First lines establish the tone: "Listen to me, girl, and go find your mind," or "You tell me, little one, that you can't understand it," or "Girl, when I hear you say forever . . ." It's almost always a direct rap.

Valente, of course, doesn't admit to being caught in any kind of a bag. "Every song is different," he says, "like every day; a completely different thing, man."

He explains: "You sit down and something turns you on and you hear a timbre, a vibration because you're right this instant turned on about something. And it's in your mind that you hear it. It may be soft, it may be fine, it may be heavy—it's just a certain set of tonalities, or sometimes it's just a set of chords that start going around your head . . . Well, you sit down and start to play it on your guitar and as you play the music, sometimes you hear the music has words in it. And so then you find out what the song says."

"Other times you're down and may be pissed about something so you write the words without bothering with the music; then you listen to the words over and over again and you hear the music. When a song starts you don't think about anything but getting next to it without breaking it. It's like getting next to a wild horse."

But when all is said, what's done seems quite simplistic. And in a tune like "Dino's Song" (recorded by Quicksilver), the lines are derivative beyond coincidence:

*I don't ever wanna spoil your party, babe*

*Or tell you when to go or what to do*

*Oh, no,*

*All I ever wanted to do was love you*

*And maybe hope you could love me too . . .*

His album, produced on Epic by Bob Johnston (Dylan, Simon and Garfunkel, Johnny Cash, Flatt and Scruggs), is mostly Valente and guitar. Only one number, "Tomorrow," is sweetened, and that, Valente says, "was totally Bob's idea. I cut my track and he stayed around all night and added to it. He knows how to really get things together."

Valente isn't even keeping track of how the LP's doing. He looks anxiously, instead, to the next one.

"With all this fucking renewed energy and the knowledge I've picked up in the studio, I can go in there and put down a fucking album that is just going to cream everybody. Next time I'm gonna walk down to LA, go in the studio, unzip it, do a song, zip it back up. I'm hip to it now."

Lyrical and energetic, Valente is a willing talker, but he hates to re-hash his past, especially chronologically, by the years. So he slurs his way through the necessary play-by-play of his run-ins with narcs and his nine-month stay at the state pen. And he barely mentions his formative years, when he worked in the East Coast carnies as a pitchman, trapeze flyer, alligator runner, girl-show operator, side show operator, and all-around workman until, at 17, he made his getaway.

What Valente left to the imagination, in terms of events, dates, and places, was put into at least some order by friend Donahue, the San Francisco radio and music big wheel who met Dino six years ago via Paul Stookey and Bob Gibson.

Valente had apparently left the East Coast around 1960, after ample tastes of both the Village and Boston scenes, heading for Los Angeles. About a year later, he'd had enough of LA (which he recently described as resembling "a really gaudy 17-year-old whore with a carnival atmosphere") and made it to the Bay Area and the upper North Beach sector of



DINO

VALENTE





LLOYD JOHNSON

San Francisco, where he dove into the coffeehouse scene with frenetic vigor, sometimes playing two houses in a night.

All this time, Valente shied away from the record companies. "He'd had a couple of unpleasant experiences with labels back east," Donahue explained, and he demanded "total artistic freedom," unheard of in those pre-everything days of '62 and '63.

But he was soon forced into a need for bread—the kind that few entities other than record companies could offer. Valente was busted for grass while riding in a friend's car; while awaiting trial, he was stopped and shaken down as he left a Grant Avenue gig; they found some cannabis. Then cops broke into his apartment and took him in for speed, and Valente eventually wound up with a one-to-tenner at Folsom.

But Dino isn't called "elusive" (or, more specifically, "the elusive gypsy") for nothing. With some legal maneuvering and miscellaneous jiving worthy of the best carny pitchman, Valente became, in his own words, "the first cat in California to get bailed out of the state penitentiary, pending determination of a writ of habeas corpus."

He had pried a three-year parole from the Adult Parole Authority, then signed up with Epic Records, removing a final wedge to gain freedom. In essence, he'd kicked his parole on a signed promise to be a good boy and go make some records. It was, to say the least, unprecedented.

And it was costly. To finance his bail and subsequent court appearances, he sold a song, "Get Together," to Frank Werber's SFO Music Company. He relinquished all rights to the song, thereby effectively cutting himself off from the usual penny-per-record share of royalties.

Having been recorded on albums by such artists as Jefferson Airplane, the Youngbloods, Fred Neil, and We Five, not to mention singles success by the Youngbloods, the song has sold nearly two million copies, becoming, in 1966, an anthem of sorts for the gathering "hippie" tribe. So Valente lost out on something like \$20,000.

But he is slightly less than regretful. "A lot of people say I was stupid for selling all my rights to the song," he says, "but for ten years of my life, man, I can write another song."

Those nine months in the pen, however, weren't without their rewards. "One thing about going to prison," Valente says, "is that when you get out, you know that nothing else they could ever do to you could ever blow your mind. You've had so much time to think, and your brain is so fucking slick . . . In prison everybody is so aware, quiet and tuned in . . . either that or they flake out in front of TV and do what they want you to, go the other way, push to the extreme boundaries."

"It's really fuckin' raw so those cats that used to get me uptight don't any more 'cause I know what's happened to them."

"Oh"—and he's hot now—"You know, man, I never knew when I was getting out. I had a one-to-ten year sentence. The parole board in there is like God, man. They take you in and some guys get on their knees and cry and then they say 'I don't think you've learned your lesson,' and you wait for another year . . . and another year."

When Valente is speaking, his eyes are intent and wide; with his long wet hair somehow gathered over and behind his ears, he resembles Dustin Hoffman (only homelier, with none of Hoffman's well-scuffed

innocence). His rap is either an excited ego-tripping ramble ridden with contradictions and incongruities, or polished reflections on thought processes, order, energy, astrology, dianetics, change, and societal downers. Visually-oriented, he recounts dreams to do for theories what anecdotes would do for the biographical details he prefers to withhold.

A balance-seeking Libra, he once dreamt a confirmation of his own conscious goal of order:

"These people were leaving this town," he recalls—"all Pilgrims. The chicks had shawls on and the cats had big brown hats . . . and the town was burned; it was finished. No one was even looking back on it. And then as the last person left, came this other person. But he looked different, like he had high boots on and a long crimson cape and he had shades on. And as he went to leave, he was the last person out. And it was felt, it was known that no one would ever see that town again. It was going to be non-existent. And as he turned, man, all these different lines were in accordance with each other: the town, the charred burns, the walls. Near the front of it was this one piece of wood that was an offense to the rest of the design. And no one would ever see that town. And he walked over and straightened it. For no one."

"That's the thing that you feel that makes you feel good. It's like musical timbres. I can play something that could put most people in mind of a cornfield, if they're from the Midwest. Or play something like the Scottish bagpipes marching cats into war, into death. Once you stop the bagpipes, they may turn to run. But the timbre moves some fibers in their entity and they respond to it."

Even as Valente discusses music, he embodies musicianship; as he sings, so he talks, extending final words to sweep in the beginning of the next sentence; as he talks, the soothing sweet-talk tone often comes through, and a synthesis of animation, fatherly common sense, heavy thoughts, and glowing eyes commands attention.

"There's a way," he is saying softly, "if you wanted to know what the inside of your mind looks like and how it works, all you have to do would be to look at the model man has made of his mind: that's the computer. And you know how a computer works—a very slow process, slower than thought. You take a question, you go back to store data only of things that have happened. And relate to these and come back with the answer."

"I think the machines think: 'ting-ting-ting . . . ching-ching-ching . . .'. That's a computerized thing. Men think the same way: 'ting-ting-ting . . . ching-ching-ching.' But sometimes when you're really stoned, try and stop that for a minute. And just open everything to another person's vibrations without the thoughts, without the computations, just to feel. If you're not afraid to be hurt, then you can feel the most beautiful things. Then you won't get hurt."

"But the important thing is to stay open like that, using a newer process of thought. Find it by trying not to take for granted all the facts when someone says 'this is the only way it is and ever can be.' You have to look for it, extrapolate, find somewhere where it didn't have to be that way. And that keeps your head free. But if you take it, if you just open up to people, it's the way to stop that, to change that."

If computers must be defused, so, too, then, must the forces that push the buttons.

"Institutions are a drag—mental, educational institutions. People should have more confidence in their ability as individuals."

"The government?" Valente turned almost savage, flailing his arms like the Italian he isn't. "If I had to rely on the government I'd quit. I have a whole survival thing going on one hand, and on the other I'm trying to affect the culture so I won't have to use it. The government—I cashed my hand in when they shot Jack Kennedy. The government! That's a case of mass hysteria which is inducing the public a case of passive hysteria!"

And again the counselor: "That's why you have to surround yourself with beautiful things that turn you on so you remember who you are, or you fall into that conglomerate jelly."

Valente's been at the old 12-stringer for more than a decade now, and he must be nearly 30 years old. But his work—the work he's cut out for himself—has just barely begun:

"I'm trying to say something or show something—or be something so someone can see what I got, 'cause I think I'm pretty fortunate. Not everything I have people could use, but I've met people I could use a part of, and I took it and incorporated it. And I know people who've done that same thing to me."

"I think that's a heavy form of communication."

"Sometimes it's hard to set an example, because the people who don't open up, fearing dying, never experience the job of living, never knowing that living's well worth dying. It's a matter of experience."

If you hear this song I'm singing you will understand

You hold the key to love and fear

All in your trembling little hand

Just one key unlocks them both

It's there at your command

Come on, people now,

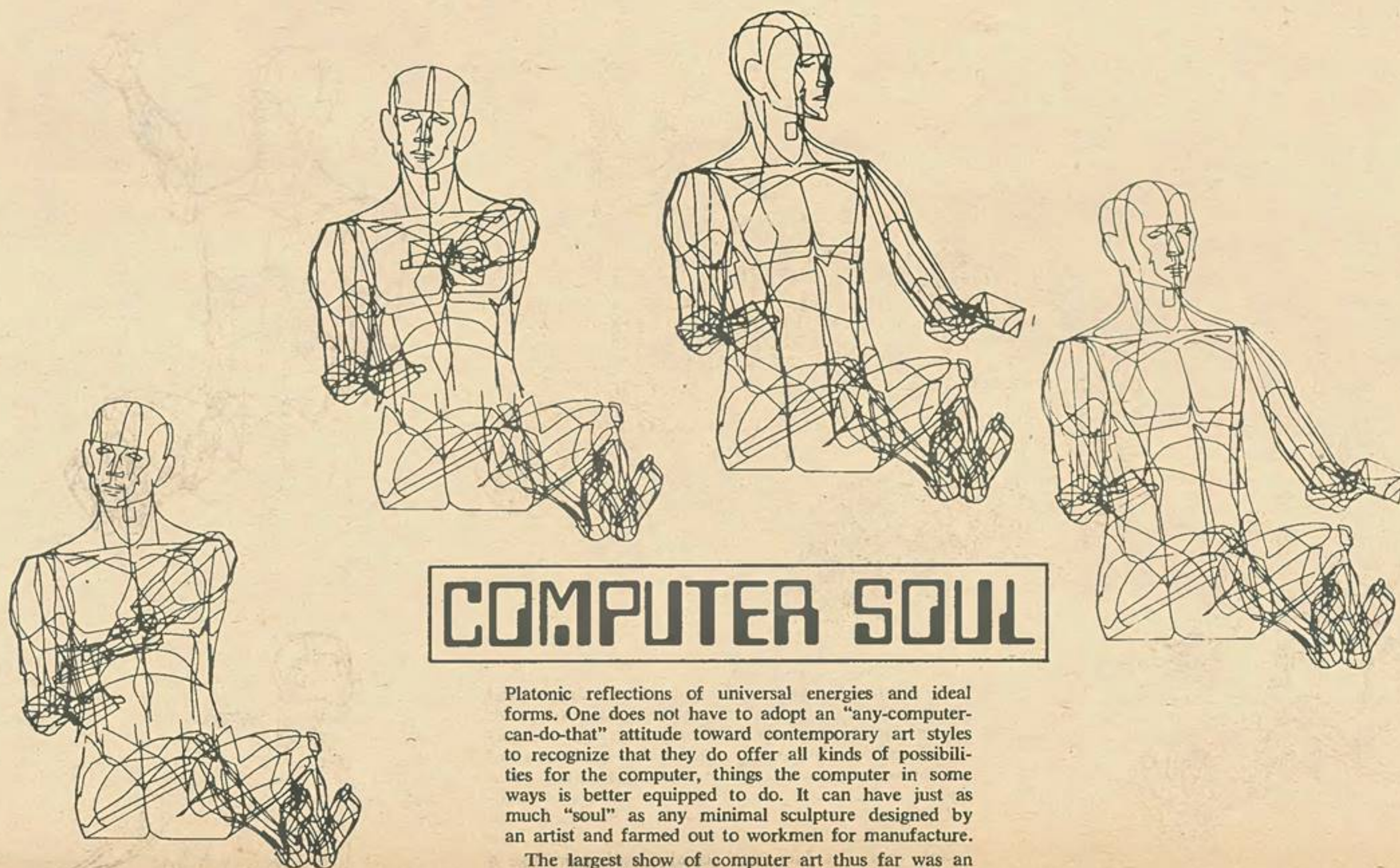
Smile on your brother,

Everybody get together

Try and love one another right now . . .



# VISUALS



## COMPUTER SOUL

Platonic reflections of universal energies and ideal forms. One does not have to adopt an "any-computer-can-do-that" attitude toward contemporary art styles to recognize that they do offer all kinds of possibilities for the computer, things the computer in some ways is better equipped to do. It can have just as much "soul" as any minimal sculpture designed by an artist and farmed out to workmen for manufacture.

The largest show of computer art thus far was an exhibition called "Cybernetic Serendipity" held last fall at the Institute of Contemporary Arts in London. I didn't get to see it, but a comprehensive catalogue makes up a special issue of Studio International magazine. In many ways, it is the ideas that count.

The most formidable idea is stated by Mark Dowson in an essay on digital computers: "It is merely an historical accident that computers are largely used for mathematical calculations. Computers manipulate symbols which can represent words, shapes or musical notes as easily as numbers."

The show contained three basic categories of things: Cybernetic devices as works of art; works of art produced by cybernetic devices; and demonstration machines, paintings of machines, and so on. The latter was mainly historical and trade-fair stuff, but the pieces in the former two categories must be rated among the major turn-ons of the year.

Cybernetic devices as works of art include, of course, robots and other contraptions designed to behave like human beings. There is a fantastic "Colloquy of Mobiles," consisting of pieces that engage in discourse, compete, cooperate and learn about each other. It includes male and female mobiles, each programmed so that there is competition among the sexes and cooperation between them, since "one possesses programmes that are not in the repertoire of the other and jointly a male and female pair can achieve more than both individuals in isolation."

There are mobiles activated by sounds in the environment, and machines that translate sounds into images. There is a robot who played the Queen of France along with live performers in a 1966 production of "Three Musketeers." There is the Honeywell-Emett "Forget-me-not," a caricature of both computers and people. Its parts include a mass-memory, where a number of miniature minds can think instantly in a clock-wise direction (influenced by even

tinier minds which only oscillate); a Brain Drain for washing away wrong numbers and unworthy thoughts; and a Memory Lane programmed with such memorabilia as Mother and First Love.

There is a model for a grandiose "Cybernetic Light Tower," 307 meters tall, its various arms, mirrors and electric motors controlled by a central computer whose activities would be affected by sound, temperature, traffic flow and humidity; it would announce bad weather, heavy traffic, and stock market reports.

A number of things bridge the gap between the two categories, objects of art which also generate art works or experiences. The "Cybernetic Introspective Pattern-Classifer" is an innocent-looking box with a peep-hole; people looking inside receive a brief, bright flash of a pattern which plants an image on the retina of the eye in such a way it can be seen, with eyes closed, for one or two minutes. "The pattern can be seen to fragment and change its form, and these forms are probably the basic perceptual units used by the brain in recognizing the pattern," writes its maker, Christopher Evans. "This exhibit therefore allows people to watch their own cerebral processes actually in action . . . by means of this device the human brain can be turned into its own exhibit."

A computer project by Gustav Metzger is an elaborate scheme calling for construction of five huge screens, each containing 10,000 uniform stainless steel elements. The elements are programmed to be randomly ejected, one by one, creating sculptural forms that would constantly change until, "after a ten-year period, only the empty site remains to be turned over to another use."

Some of the simplest, yet wildest, "devices" are the transformed television images of Nam June Paik. Paik uses huge electromagnets, placed over a standard TV tube, which put the images on the screen through all the contortions of fun house mirrors. He also rewires the sweep controls to achieve double images and abstract color patterns, and he has created his own more complex machines which you can play yourself.

The computer-generated art in the exhibition included musical compositions, dance choreographies, poetry and prose, animated film and computer graphics. In the literary department, there is some passable haiku achieved by a program combining a few basic

BY THOMAS ALBRIGHT

The subject of this piece is computer art, and I wish I could say nothing but nasty things about it.

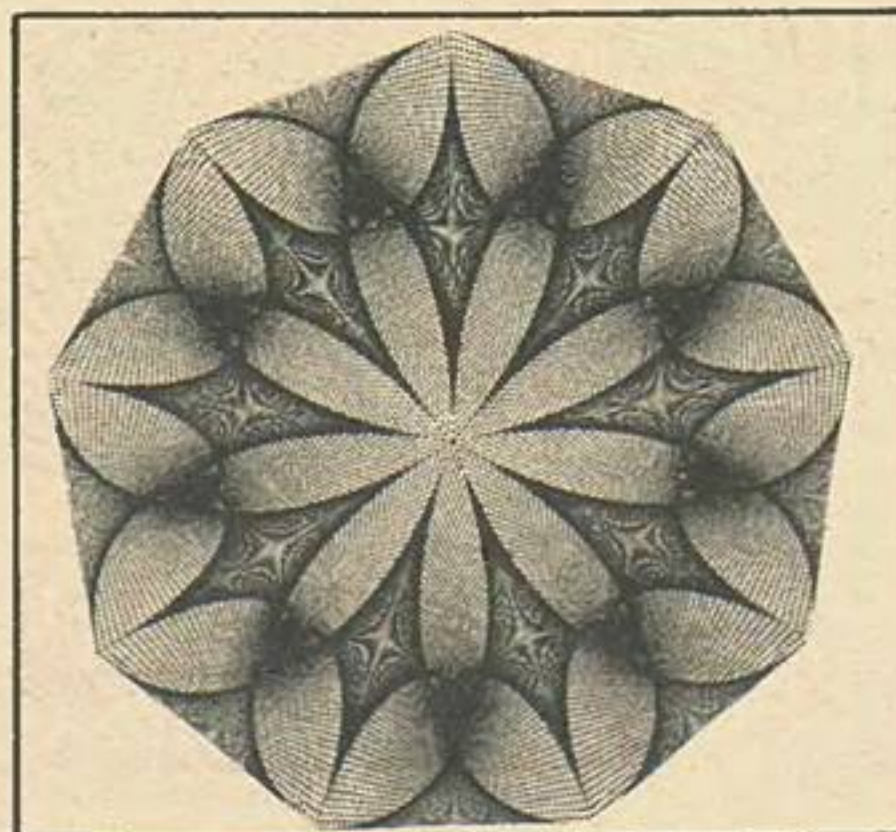
The impulse is almost irresistible to put down cybernetic art as so much mathematical doodling, engineering's fun and games. At best, it is an "interesting experiment," at worst, the product of some evil, science-fiction, anti-humanist conspiracy. It might have worthwhile surface qualities, but how could it possibly have "soul"?

This attitude is, of course, a hangover from the machine age. Machines are supposed to be extensions of man, but they have a habit of turning into Frankenstein monsters that turn against him. The computer, moreover, is the first extension of man that has threatened to put him completely out of business.

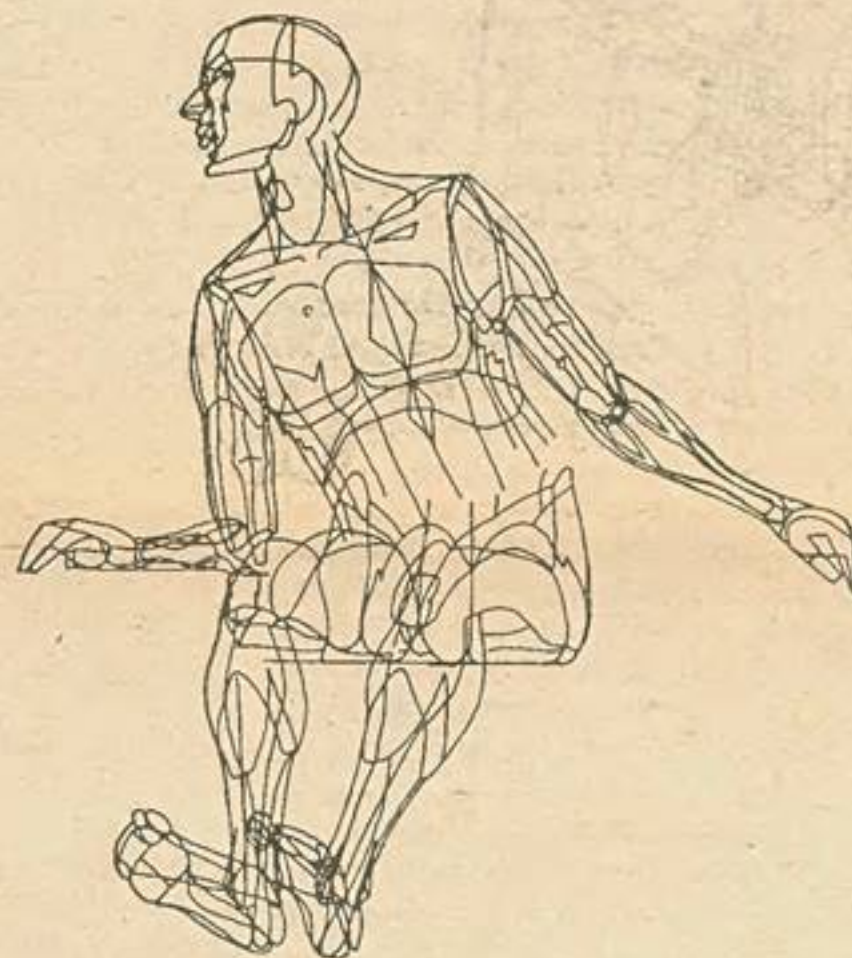
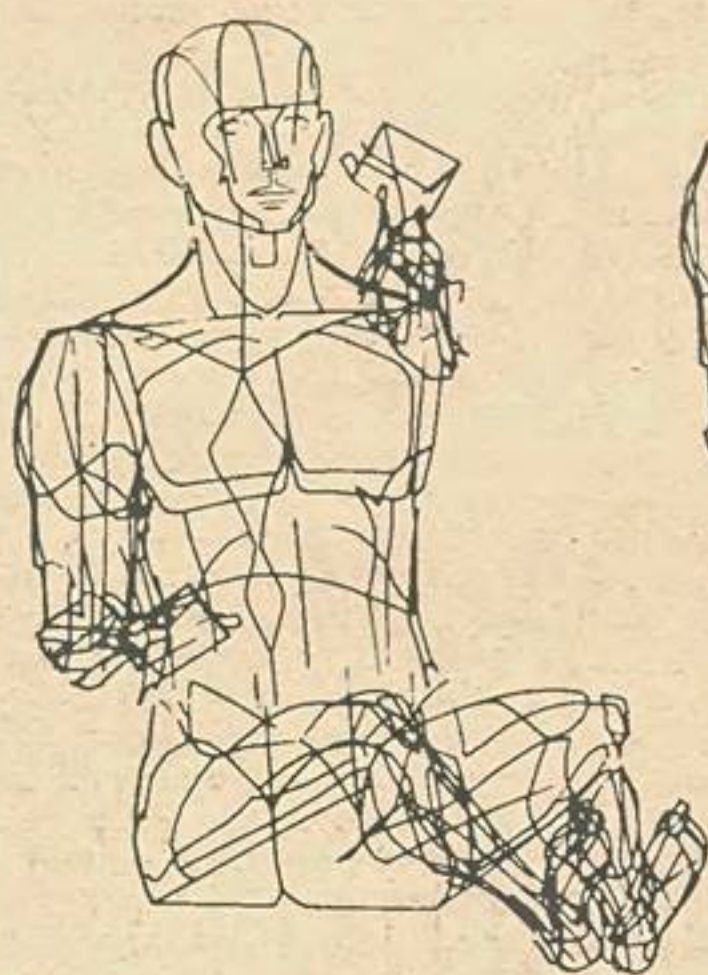
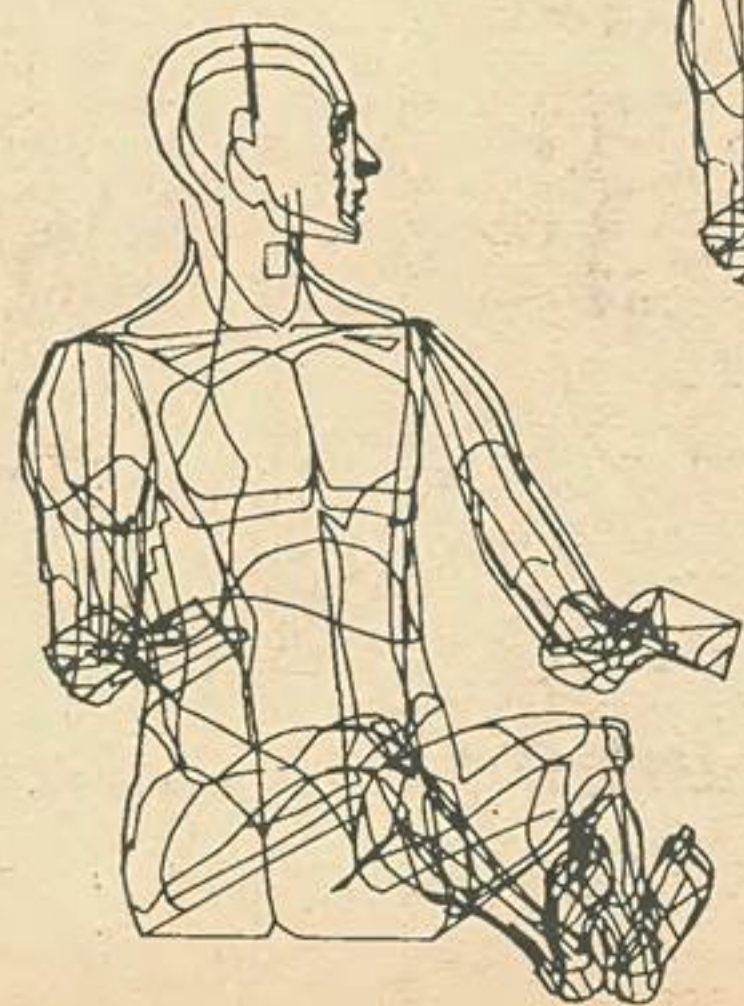
However, we no longer live in the machine age. One of the basic facts of the electronic age is the disappearance of this sense of threat on the part of a significant number of artists, and there is a corollary change in the attitude of scientists and engineers. The change is documented dramatically in a current show at the Museum of Modern Art in New York called "The Machine As Seen at the End of the Mechanical Age."

Most of the show is an historic survey of homages to the machine, caricatures of the machine and criticism of the machine. But its chronological end is a series of electronic mechanisms and works generated by electronic mechanisms created under the auspices of Experiments in Art and Technology. They are, quite simply, independent and self-contained objects, as much so as any primary sculpture, and they are a complete synthesis resulting from unique collaborative equality between art and engineering. Another fact of contemporary aesthetics is that art need not be an individualized illustration of an artist's "soul," but that "soul" can reside within the work itself, much as it does in a piece of African sculpture. The culmination of the former attitude was reached with the soul-baring aesthetic of abstract expressionism, which also represented a high point in the artist's reaction against the rationale of the machine.

Today the pendulum swing has produced an art largely dedicated to objectively conceived, precision shaped, and sometimes impersonally created "minimal" forms, seen both as irreducible objects and as







in psychedelic poster fashion. There are crystal forms, shell forms, a random distribution of "Flies in a circle." There are animated drawings of pilots produced by computers at Boeing for the purpose of aeronautic studies. One interesting experiment compares a 1917 black and white, plus and minus Mondrian painting with a series of random computer graphics that distribute the same elements within the same area. The Mondrian actually looks more like a computer product than the computerized version. In a test covering 100 people, 28 per cent were able to identify the computer picture. Fifty-nine per cent preferred it.

Many, in fact most, of the computer graphics are by "non-artists" — in Reichardt's words, "people who would never have put pencil to paper, or brush to canvas."

"New media, or new systems, inevitably alter the shape of art. New possibilities extend the range of expression of those creative people whom we identify as painters, film makers, composers and poets. It is very rare, however, that new media and new systems should bring in their wake new people to become involved in creative activity. (They) have started making images, both still and animated, which approximate and often look identical to what we call 'art' and put in public galleries. This is the most important single revelation of this exhibition."

Is their work "art" or simply design? Is a mandala art or design? There is no general answer to either question, but if computer graphics share any common quality, it is a sense of a kind of universal energy, structure and form. Computers are designed as closely as possible to duplicate the processes of the human mind, and this parallels the processes of Pythagorean harmony and order. Some computer technicians have achieved interesting effects by concentrating on "bugs," but the strongest computer-generated art suggests a process in which psychic energy and the energies of physics are precisely harmonized and synthesized.

In his introduction to the catalogue, Reichardt notes that "Cybernetic Serendipity deals with possibilities rather than achievement. There are no heroic claims to be made because computers have so far neither revolutionized music, nor art, nor poetry, in the same way that they have revolutionized science."



words with a semantic schema. There are some "high entropy" essays — children's stories and technical pieces on physics. They suggest that, programmed with the right clichés, a computer could also turn out a respectable piece of art criticism.

The computer graphics are created by two basic methods: Drawing machines, consisting of still or moving papers and computer-driven ink pens controlled in a variety of ways — pendulum action, oscillators — and graphics created on cathode ray tubes with an electron beam exactly like a TV image; this is photographed in various stages by a camera, and an electronic console is used to control the picture and advance the film. Static graphics are made by enlarging film stills.

Whatever the art form, almost all of the examples in the show exploit three properties in which the computer's superiority to man is unquestionable: Its capacity to produce virtually absolute redundancy, absolute randomness and its super-high speed. A computerized drawing machine can produce a work with redundancy beyond the breaking point of the most patient and painstaking draftsman, endlessly repeating precisely identical patterns, even merely placing one line exactly on top of another. On the other hand, computers can be programmed to form random structures and aleatory improvisations beyond the wildest dreams of John Cage in his pre-computer years or Gertrude Stein, precisely because they are machines, subject to no other limitations than they are programmed with. Every program, of course, ultimately combines varying proportions of structure and chance. The computer's speed factor has advantages that are obvious in such areas as film animation, but are equally important in creating still graphics. Jasia Reichardt, organizer of the exhibition, points out that "one can programme the computer to produce patterns based on... any specific premise, defining a set of parameters and leaving the various possibilities within them to chance. In this way certain limitations are provided within which the computer can 'improvise' and in the space of 20 minutes race through the entire visual potential inherent in the particular scheme."

The computer graphics in the catalogue are essentially geometric, but a much more varied lot than one would ever suppose. There are profiles of human heads, surrounded by echoing and expanding lines,

But the catalogue contains one extraordinary piece of writing which might be considered a lyric prophecy of revolution to come. It is called SAM, by Stafford Beer:

Patterns—rigid or chaotic—are the stuff of the universe . . .

Therefore of both art and artifacts . . .  
The rigid patterns do not change at all.

Wallpaper patterns, the triangle of the Sistine Madonna,

The proportions of the Parthenon,  
The shape of a fugue—

Of a ballade—

Are like the pattern of an engine,

Of a computer,

Of an aircraft.

Chaotic patterns change eternally;

A waterfall or a thunderhead,

The scurrying of ants,

Clouds, wind and sea—

Atonal music and action painting,

Mobiles and the Aeolian harp

Are matched in science

By the alpha-particle,

The collision of gas molecules,

The noise of the radio star.

What lies between rigidity and chaos—

Which both have their art and their science?

It is change within order

Which perhaps defines design

Variations on a theme for art—

And for science the stochastic process.

A stochastic process generates a pattern

Which is almost rigid in the long run

Through a long series of apparently random events.

It is defined by mathematical statistics.

Will the next toss yield heads or tails?

Nobody knows.

But in a long enough series of tosses

Half will be heads, half tails

It is possible to generate a rigid pattern

By a random series of events . . .

The computer says something, in physical form and

mechanism,

About the chaotic fulfillment of rigid patterns—

About Design.



# BOOKS

The Poetry of the Blues by Samuel Charters



BY RICHARD KOSTELANETZ

*The Poetry of the Blues*, by Samuel Charters. Oak Publications, 1963. 110 pp., \$1.95.

This is an exemplary bad book, whose subject occasionally shines through a stultifying commentary which persistently suggests that its author, the folk producer and writer Samuel Charters, neither cares for nor knows much about the first dimension of his subject—poetry.

His exposition epitomizes the compromises and evasions of writers who hardly respond to poetry but somehow regard the lyrics of non-poets as containing more "true poetry" than those poems taught in school courses or praised in book reviews. This pseudo-philistine position, which had its predecessors in the folkniks of the late Forties, also has current exponents in the rock-is-the-best-poetry publicists.

The truth is that precious little in either folk, blues or rock has the complexity, the resonance and the subtlety of the best modern poetry; and one major reason is that the conservative form of most pop-music lyrics—the rhyming couplet and its variations. Charters reveals his weak or non-existent taste by regularly quoting couplets, such as the following by Son House, that fail the most charitable test of poetic interest:

*You know, I fold my arms and I slowly walk away.*

*Uumh, I slowly walk away.*

*You a good old gal, I just can't take your place.*

The problems intrinsic in poetry criticism make Charters so uncomfortable that he would sooner say anything than risk discussing blues poems as poetry; and this means that his comments often make blatantly obvious what was implicit in the original.

When Memphis Willie B. sings: "Your clothes is wrinkled, little girl, your shade is pulled down low/There's a towel layin' cross the bed, and a pan of water on the floor," Charters' entire gloss reads: "As he stands in the darkened room he realizes that she has been in the arms of another man."

Another time he speaks generally of "this directness of expression," which, one assumes, is meant to contrast with the indirect expression of the Professional Poet; but blues are usually, if not profoundly, an indirect symbol-ridden art. Unable to say much of specific consequence, he often spews such unashamed platitudes as, "The blues, as a poetic language, has still the direct, immediate relationship to experience that is at the heart of all art."

If Aristotle identified effective metaphor as a primary criterion of poetic talent (and some blues lyricists illustrate this proposition), Charters' metaphors are often so inept that perhaps something other than poetry might be his real subject: "The verse, rather than the line or the couplet, is the poetic brick out of which the structure of the blues is built." (His subsequent examples, all of them couplets, render his distinction meaningless.)

Then there are contorted sentences for readers who like to keep their head under their armpit: "The blues sometimes seems to have traveled a long way before the earliest recordings helped to settle it down in the 1920's." Or lib-

eral sociological sentimentality masquerading as cultural oneupsmanship: "No one who has not lived as a Negro in the Mississippi Delta can understand fully what the singer Son House meant to express when he sang [example follows]."

In case anyone should think I had to scour the book for the above examples, let me conclude by revealing they all came from between page ten and page fourteen.

Nonetheless, this is not so thoroughly bad a book as the above suggests, mostly because it is saved by such passages of genuine poetry as Robert Johnson's couplet:

*I got stones in my passway, and my road seems dark at night,  
I have pains in my heart, they have taken my appetite.*

Or Memphis Willie B's:

*I say I'm leaving in the morning, I'm going to travel 61 by myself,  
So's I get killed in my journey no one will know my death.*

The book's best chapter deals with sexual imagery and metaphors, a dimension some commentators scandalously neglect and Charters reticently saves for near the book's conclusion; and in this section, the tone of his commentary indicatively gains some energy, as he enthusiastically lists numerous symbols for phallus and vagina, several metaphors for sexual pleasure, the double entendres, the occasional symbols of perversions.

Here, in the sexual references, are to my mind the most imaginative poetic language of the blues—such metaphors as Blind Lemon Jefferson's "blacksnake" (though Charters misses Blind Lemon's magnificent "crocheting"—fellatio), or "digging potatoes" and "coffee grinding" or the lemon in One-String's epithet: "Well, you squeezed my lemon, baby, and you started my juice to run."

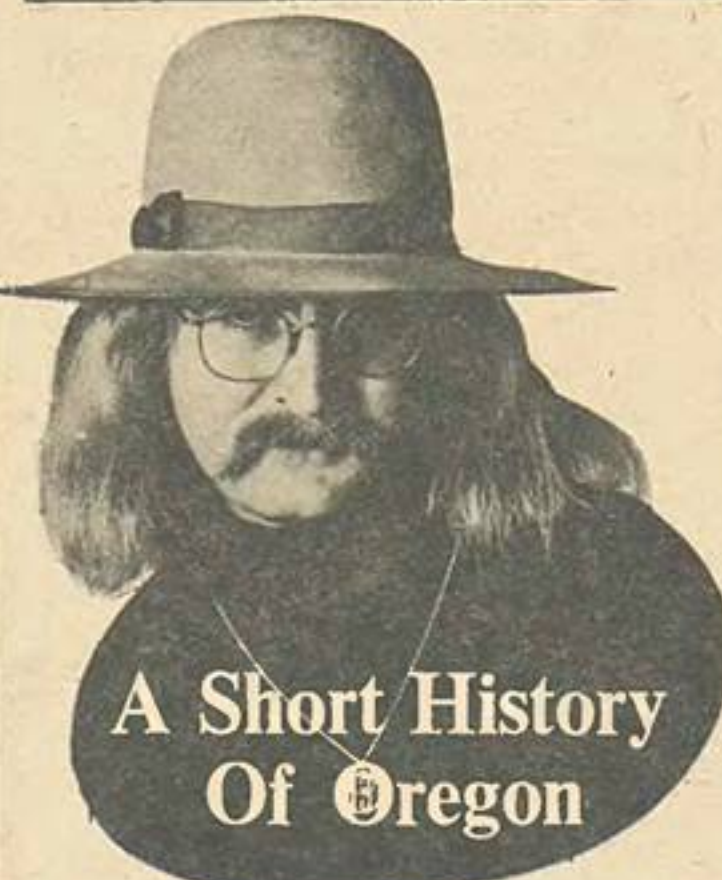
Perhaps the most subtle couplet, at once complex and ludicrous, is Robert Johnson's:

*I'm going to get deep down in this connection, keep on tangling with your wires,  
And when I mash down on your starter, then your spark plug will give me fire.*

In the end, however, there is little good poetry in blues lyrics, or at least good poetry as I understand and appreciate the best literary art—contrast, for instance, that last couplet with E. E. Cummings' more intricate and witty "she being Brand"; and this observation, added to my love of blues and rock, leads me to suggest we should perhaps introduce another artistic category—music-accompanied lyrics, or musical lyrics—to encompass blues, folk and nearly all rock (which in this and many other ways is indebted to blues).

This term, by definition, holds that since music and lyric artfully enhance each other, songs without words would be emasculated and probably negligible as musical art, just as most lyrics would have no artistic life without their music (or, more practically, their singers).

The real achievement of the blues is are treated profoundly enough to placate and perhaps influence a reflective person; and in the greatest blues was a combination of wisdom and artistry that establishes a precedent, if not a standard, for rock and other kinds of contemporary musical lyrics.



BY RICHARD BRAUTIGAN

I would do things like that when I was sixteen. I'd hitch-hike fifty miles in the rain to go hunting for the last hours of the day. I'd stand alongside the road with a 30:30 and my thumb out and think nothing of it, expecting to be picked up and I always was.

"Where are you going?"  
"Deer hunting."

That meant something in Oregon.

"Get in."

It was raining like hell when I got out of the car at the top of the ridge. The driver couldn't believe it. I saw a draw half full of trees, sloping down into a valley obscured by rain mist.

I hadn't the slightest idea where the valley led to. I'd never been there before and I didn't care.

"Where are you going?" the driver said, hardly believing that I was getting out of the car in that rain.

"Down there."

When he drove off I was alone in the mountains and that was how I wanted it to be. I was waterproofed from head to toe and had some candy bars in my pocket.

I walked down through the trees, trying to kick a deer out of the dry thickets, but it didn't really make any difference if I saw one or not.

I just wanted the awareness of hunting. The thought of the deer being there was just as good as the deer actually being there.

There was nothing stirring in the thickets. I didn't see any sign of a deer or the sign of a bird or the sign of a rabbit or anything.

Sometimes I would just stand there. The trees were dripping. There was only the sign of myself: alone, so I ate a candy bar.

I had no idea of the time. The sky was dark with winter rain. I only had a couple of hours when I started and I could feel that they were nearly at an end and soon it would be night.

I came out of a thicket into a patch of stumps and a logging road that curved down into the valley. They were new stumps. The trees had been cut sometime that year. Perhaps in the spring. The road curved into the valley.

The rain slackened off, then stopped and a strange kind of silence settled over everything. It was twilight and wouldn't last long.

There was a turn in the logging road and suddenly, without warning, there was a house right there in the middle of my private nowhere. I didn't like it.

The house was more of a large shack than anything else with a lot of old cars surrounding it and there was all sorts

of logging junk and things that you need and then abandon after using.

I didn't want the house to be there. The rain mist lifted and I looked back up the mountain. I'd come down only about half a mile, thinking all the time I was alone.

That was a joke.

There was a window in the house-shack facing up the road toward me. I couldn't see anything in the window. Even though it was starting to get night, they hadn't turned their lights on yet. I knew there was somebody home because heavy black smoke was coming out of the chimney.

As I got closer to the house, the front door slammed open and a kid ran out onto a crude makeshift porch. He didn't have any shoes or a coat on. He was about nine years old and his blond hair was disheveled as if the wind were blowing all the time in his hair.

He looked older than nine and was immediately joined by three sisters who were three, five and seven. The sisters weren't wearing any shoes either and they didn't have any coats on. The sisters looked older than they were.

The quiet spell of the twilight broke suddenly and it started raining again, but the kids didn't go into the house. They just stood there on the porch, getting all wet and looking at me.

I'll have to admit that I was a strange sight coming down their muddy little road in the middle of God-damn nowhere with darkness coming on and a 30:30 cradled down in my arms, so the night rain wouldn't get in the barrel.

The kids didn't say a word as I walked by. The sisters' hair was unruly like dwarf witches. I didn't see their folks. There was no light on in the house.

A Model A truck lay on its side in front of the house. It was next to three empty fifty-gallon oil drums. They didn't have a purpose any more. There were some odd pieces of rusty cable. A yellow dog came out and stared at me.

I didn't say a word in my passing. The kids were soaking wet now. They huddled together in silence on the porch. I had no reason to believe that there was anything more to life than this.

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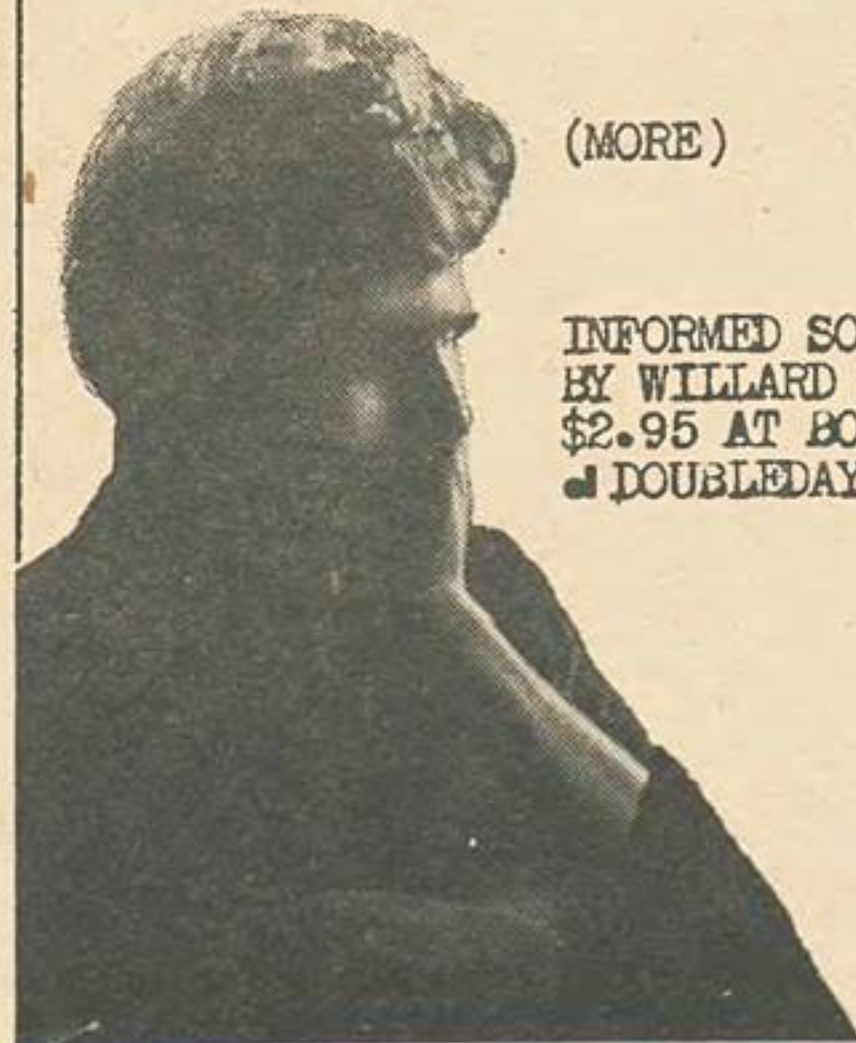
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# RECORDS



**Odyssey and Oracle, The Zombies**  
(Date TES 4103)

In about 1965 an English group named the Zombies made two excellent hit singles: "She's Not There" and "Tell Her No." After that, they made a good album, several more fine singles (all of which flopped), and some songs for the flick *Bunny Lake Is Missing*. Then they disappeared. Due to a lack of hit singles, Parrot Records didn't follow up their first album. They chose instead to concentrate on such chart-busters as Tom Jones and Them.

The Zombies are now back with a new album which they produced and arranged themselves. It is called *Odyssey and Oracle* and is available in the United States on Date Records, a subsidiary of Columbia.

The group has changed somewhat over the years, and most of the changes are for the better. Others are the results of attempts at commerciality by musicians who are probably a bit bewildered by the lack of success awarded to music as outstanding as theirs.

Rod Argent's keyboard work and melodic writing coupled with Colin Blunstone's breathy vocals are still the Zombies' main strength. Chris White, the group's bassist, has given them a necessary shove into today's head by writing a couple of tunes with lyrics that are in a very nice, together place. For example, in "Friends of Mine," the lyric is simply about how good it is to know two people who are kind and who love each other. Behind the lyric the backup vocals repeat: "Kim and Maggie, June and Duffy, Gene and Jim and Jim and Christy . . ." etc. Of course it's schlocky, but it also works.

Rod Argent's writing is at just about the same quality lyrically as it was on the first album (i.e. pretty good), although the subject matter is a bit broader than the boy-girl stuff which was the norm during the Early Beatle Period when Argent wrote the Zombies' hits. His "A Rose For Emily" has, I suppose, some reference to the Faulkner story. At least it is about an old lady's death. This song uses only Argent's piano and some occasional backup vocals to accompany Blunstone's singing. The chords are a bit reminiscent of McCartney's "For No One," but there's nothing wrong with that.

Another nice cut is "Beechwood Park," a Chris White composition which contains some fine work by Paul Atkinson, the group's lead guitarist. Atkinson seems to have outgrown the annoying post-Ventures style that he was into when he soloed on the first album. Now Atkinson's lines, like some of George Harrison's, sound as if they were composed by somebody who didn't know what a rock guitar line is "supposed" to sound like. This makes his melodic playing very interesting. Rhythmically, however, he still uses many of those dull "chank-chank" accent chords that he used on the first album.

The Zombies' rhythm section is adequate, but not outstanding. Hugh Grundy, the group's drummer, has improved since the first album, but only slightly. Of course, being English, he hasn't been exposed as much as we have to the new wave of "fatback" rhythms that are coming from James Brown et al. Nevertheless, White's rather sparse lyrical bass playing should leave Grundy open to make the group swing a bit more, even within the tightly structured, vocally oriented sound of the Zombies.

*Odyssey and Oracle* starts and finishes with two Argent compositions which are direct descendants of the Zombies' earlier work. "Care of Cell 44" has one of Argent's fine melodic and chordal structures supporting that old "coming home" theme used on one of the Zombies' un-

successful singles, and used by almost everybody just after "All My Loving" and "It Won't Be Long." Argent tries to update this theme by making this homecoming that of a girl about to leave prison.

"Time of the Season," the last cut on the album, has the same staggered beat as "She's Not There," except that the full drum set is replaced at short intervals with a handclap and an echo laden sigh. It is on this cut that Argent takes his only solo in that cookin', neo-jazz style so in evidence on the first album. However, the solo doesn't really get off until Argent's Hammond organ gets double-tracked toward the end of the tune. On the rest of the tracks Argent shows good judgment in respecting the complexity of the material and sticking to straight ahead Beatle-style comping and pre-written, well-integrated melodic lines.

The "modern" multi-tracking techniques used in the production have prevented Blunstone from getting into those spontaneous bluesy appoggiaturas which he used on the Zombies' first album, but his overall performance is as strong and as stylized as ever.

There are just two tunes on this album which annoyed me. One is "Hung up on a Dream," an Argent composition in which Blunstone's vocal is partially lost in a rather poor mix. The other is "Butcher's Tale," an anti-war song which uses a loud wheeze organ and tries too hard to be ugly.

When the Zombies err, it is usually an honest and forgivable mistake. Overall they have a very high level of musicianship and creativity. On this album they have handled the problems of added orchestration and elaborate production quite well while generally improving on their original sound, a sound which established them as one of England's very best rock groups.

PAUL ALBUM



**Expressway To Your Skull, Buddy Miles Expressway** (Mercury SR-61196)

"small we are going to the Electric Church . . ."

—Jimi Hendrix

The first record by the Buddy Miles Express will be best appreciated by hard-line Electric Flag fans who could never get enough of Buddy Miles. Because here he is, high priest in his Electric Church, as big as sin; wailing, cooing and brooding over his drums like Satan over whisky. The sound is hard-charging big band soul, wide open. It is still a little crude, probably because BME is still a new group. They recorded before they had much of a chance to get themselves together; as a result, the album sounds rudimentary.

It is powerful, but it is put across mostly by the power of Buddy Miles himself. The group is capable, one feels, of developing much further, of enriching the music. Buddy Miles dominates the group, and most numbers do little more than establish a framework for Buddy Miles' singing. He gets off, singing, wailing, riffing endlessly and occasionally playing drums.

Much of his singing is reminiscent of the excesses of "You Don't Realize" from the Electric Flag album, an imitation-Otis Redding number. This soul scat is fine for a while, but all the "Baby-let-me-tell-you-one-more-time" and "I neeeeeddd you baby, need you soooooo baad, baby baby baby" soon proves tiresome. Buddy Miles is good at it, but not that good. Such material is best left to the memory of Otis Redding.

The horns are often limited to short, repetitive riffs—which is too bad, because when they can be heard at length, they are very good. The general effect of the music is like a train, chugging along with locomotive lyrics, full of

relentless and intricate rhythm, with its whistle wailing. It moves, but often doesn't go anywhere.

Still, the album as a whole sounds good, and some cuts are dynamite. It makes up for a lack of variation with a lot of sweet funk.

The album begins with "Train," the first of three Buddy Miles-Herbie Rich compositions which sound nearly identical. It is a driving, brass-punctuated rhythm overlaid by an aimlessly riffing Miles-long vocal. It's good stand-up-and-move-around stuff, and the lyrics—of the "Baby Baby I need you soooo baad" sort add nothing at all. "Let your Lovelight Shine" is a quasi-Motown Miles-Rich number. "Don't Mess With Cupid" is great; it's a Redding-Cropper song which sounds like a Sam Cooke with a hard-on; Miles gets off on a very solid rhythmic and melodic structure.

The first side closes with "Funky Mule," an instrumental typical of a whole genre of drummers' instrumentals. It is basically a few repetitive horn figures held together by a virtuoso display of elegant and intense drumming. There is no question that when Buddy Miles shuts up and plays drums he is excellent.

The second side opens with "You're the One that I Adore," the third Miles-Rich number and another aimless vocal trip, with some fine guitar work by Jim McCarty, who might as well be Michael Bloomfield, when he is not being Jimi Hendrix. "Wrap It Up" is a fuck song, and Buddy Miles at his best. The vocal is controlled and tough; the break consists of gasps and pants and sounds like it was inspired by a "Sounds of Erotica" album (remember those 67 Authentic Orgasms immortalized in celluloid?) The last cut, "Spot On the Wall" is more Miles vocal, at a more climactic pitch—and the album expires on a scream that probably inspired the album's title.

The album is, finally, frustrating. Behind Miles' boring singing is a lot of subtle, good music, if you could only hear it. What BME needs is a good editor—someone to say "enough is enough."

DAVID GANCHER



**Another Place Another Time, Jerry Lee Lewis** (Smash SRS 67104)

This most aptly titled album brings back one of the greatest white R&B performers of the Fifties in his new and very successful role as a country and western artist. In his heyday, Jerry Lee Lewis and his Pumping Piano were a hard act for anyone, regardless of race, creed, color, or national origin, to follow. After a few slow bars on the piano he would arise with a shriek, shake his long mane of blond hair down over his face, and commence to shake with orgiastic thrashings that would have amazed even the most blasé chiropractor.

Of course, we now know that nearly anyone can freak out on stage if he has sufficient desire; the unique thing about Jerry Lee was that while flailing about like a man being electrocuted, he would also sing and play piano with amazing power, skill, and surprise. Unfortunately for us, Jerry Lee, after a quick rise to fame, married his 13-year-old cousin. The reaction was as expected, and soon the high minded program directors of the Top-40 station stopped airing his records, almost totally destroyed his career in all regions but the South.

The country material Jerry Lee performs on this album differs considerably in delivery and arrangement from all his numbers of the Fifties, even his great 1958 rendition of Hank Williams' classic "You Win Again." *Another Place Another Time* features Jerry Lee mainly as a singer rather than a solo pianist. His voice and piano today are much more fluid and subtle, though no less gripping, than his choppy, hard driving rock style of ten years ago. The Jerry Lee Lewis of "Breathless" and "Great Balls of Fire" was able to ef-

fectively transmit a powerful sexual innuendo into practically any word or syllable of a song. As a country singer he has shifted and deepened his ability to project feeling. Most of the album's 11 songs, especially "I'm a Lonesome Fugitive" and the otherwise lightweight "All the Good Is Gone" transmit an understated but soulful and evocative emotionalism (usually of sorrow and resignation) that shows the perhaps painful maturation of a youthful, more exuberant style.

Of course, the main difference between the old and new Jerry Lee Lewis is his shift to country and western music. Yet the music on *Another Place Another Time* also differs considerably from most modern country material. Jerry Lee's piano, though restrained and often mixed into the background, is the driving force that holds together most of the numbers. Because of this and the vocals, these songs have more R&B feeling than the usual country material. There is very little guitar work on the album, another oddity for country and western, leaving the instrumental breaks all to the piano, steel guitar, and fiddle. The steel is fairly conventional, though somewhat richer and less intrusive than on most country records. The fiddler (sidemen aren't identified), however, is rather unique in that he sounds on many numbers more in the tradition of blues or jazz fiddle than of country or bluegrass. This fiddle work jibes beautifully with Jerry Lee's performance to further contribute to the album's somewhat unique rhythm and blues flavor. Note especially how wailing and bluesy is the fiddling on "Walking the Floor Over You" and "I'm a Lonesome Fugitive."

There is a lot to dislike about this album. The lyrics to many of the tunes, especially "What's Made Milwaukee Famous (Has Made a Loser out of Me)" and "Play Me a Song I Can Cry To," are embarrassingly cornball and maudlin. The vocal chorus quite often provides an annoying intrusion, a problem that has plagued Jerry Lee Lewis ever since his earliest Sun recordings. Most important, the sometimes over-smooth production employs the almost unforgivable technique of mixing the piano too far into the background even on its infrequent, too short solos. To hold back such great piano playing as Jerry Lee's seems almost criminal to me. But it's foolish to say that the above complaints represent deficiencies or faults in this album, for *Another Place Another Time* was produced not for the rock market, but for the country and western audience, a conglomeration of people whose tastes, ages, and traditions differ widely from those of rock enthusiasts.

True, many of the lyrics are tawdry and banal, but the instrumentation and Jerry Lee's beautiful singing in every case transcend the limitations of the material. The chorus, when not an intrusion, provides some beautiful backup to Lewis' soulful vocals. And while the arrangement and mixing (like that on the *Fats Is Back* album) could be more funky and powerful, Jerry Kennedy's overall production is smoothly professional and competently balanced. The blend between steel, piano, and fiddle is very tastefully produced.

While all 11 cuts are worth repeated listening, four of them are especially boss. "I'm a Lonesome Fugitive" is a truly moving performance both by Jerry Lee and the unnamed fiddler. The same is true of the title song, which, in others' hands, could easily have been a maudlin bummer. The old Ernest Tubb song "Walking the Floor Over You" is here performed with an R&B flavor and could easily have been a rock hit with a slightly different arrangement and mix. "We Live in Two Different Worlds" is a fairly standard C&W marital incompatibility song (thankfully lacking the usual tearjerking recitations) on which Jerry Lee duets with his sister, Linda Gail Lewis. Her beautiful, sobbing voice, at least on this one cut, marks her as potentially the greatest country chick singer since the late Patsy Cline.

An album definitely worth buying (if you can find it. All recent Jerry Lee Lewis material seems to have been distributed only to hard core C&W Record shops.) For rock aficionados *Another Place Another Time* is an interesting representation of an early rock and roll star's transformation. For country music lovers, this album introduces another great and moving singer. Hopefully next time we'll get to hear the piano, too.

ANDY BOEHM





*Cosmic Music*, John and Alice Coltrane (Impulse 9148).

*The Best of Thelonious Monk.* (Riverside 3037).

In the summer of 1957, at a Bowery saloon called the Five Spot, there was a golden age of sorts. Thelonious Monk, long an overlooked master, and John Coltrane, who was just beginning to come into his power, joined together on the bandstand to play, night after night, some of the most exciting music of the time.

It was Monk's band; they played mostly his tunes. Monk was the name then. One night would surpass the last and the ever-expanding group of steady customers grew to be friends through the bond. We knew this was special, some of the classiest and purest music ever despite the drunks sleeping in doorways outside. The empathy was overpowering. So it is interesting to hear, from these two new releases, the different roads Monk and Trane have traveled since then.

When John Coltrane died in the summer of 1967, the religious fervor, the messianic certainty, of jazz as we have known it died with him—at least temporarily. It had been fading for a long time to be sure, but Trane's death serves as the marker.

The fervor on this album—from tapes his wife Alice found posthumously—is frightening. There is so much intensity you may not want it at once. Jazz has come far from the Broadway good-time drinking music it once was. With Trane, it became a religious experience, a matter of revelation.

Trane tells the truth. He has been called an aggressive player, his energy interpreted as hostility, a manifestation of black anger. It is not. I think it was Lenny Bruce who once said that there is hope for religion now that people aren't going to church anymore. Listening to Trane is one way to get to God. Listening to Trane is hard, but so is getting to God. It's worth it . . . you should try, anyway.

When Trane isn't soloing, however, there is a formless freneticism, a monotony of level I object to. The rhythm section of three percussion—Rashied Ali, Ray Appleton and Ben Riley—and Jimmy Garrison's incredible, and as usual under-recorded bass, generally maintain totally thick, hard sound, particularly on "Manifestation."

And the absence of a strictly kept beat can be as shattering as one, two, three, four all the time. Freedom is a tough thing to handle. Pharoah Sanders' tenor and flute come close but it is difficult to isolate and recognize his personality from Trane's. It takes genius to handle freedom. You should listen to Trane; there is much on here which isn't really so different from Jimi Hendrix in his more far-out moments. Not that Hendrix is a genius—he isn't that good—but I would imagine he's listen to Trane, who was.

Monk—who was "far-out" ten years ago—has on the other hand stayed largely within the bounds of tradition. He defined his freedom a long time ago, it is in his own head. Who else could make "Just a Gigolo" sound like he wrote it? Who else could make "Body and Soul" relevant in this day and age? I can't think of anybody.

"The Best of . . ." albums are generally cop-outs to a tapering off of the creative process. They are also a good way to hear the best of somebody, and I recommend this one to anybody who doesn't own any Monk (plus one more, *Thelonious Monk Plays Duke*, Riverside 3015).

Unfortunately the Five Spot nights with Monk and Trane were never recorded, at least not to my knowledge. These tracks feature Johnny Griffin—a

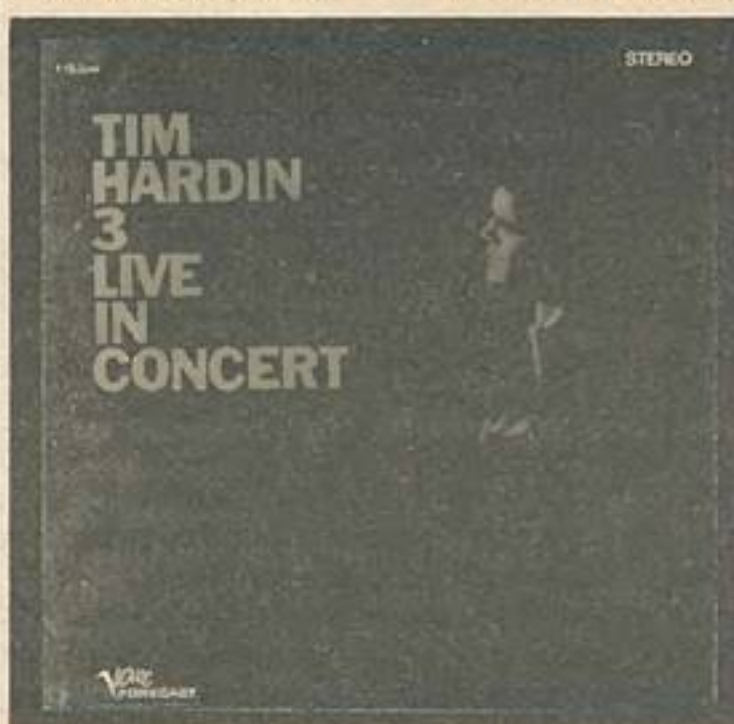
competent and exciting tenor player, but with nowhere near Trane's individuality—who followed him. This is still saloon music. You can even hear the Five Spot drinkers in the background, (it's live—I may even be one of them, it occurs to me).

I have put in my time listening to Monk and that is why it makes me sad to hear how repetitious and lacking in involvement his most recent releases are. This one, though, still has it.

Monk is a master painter of sound. He transcends bad pianos, noisy bars, saccharine tunes and uninspired rhythm sections. He is a transformer, turning whatever he wants into Thelonious Monk. He has stayed in a simpler, gentler, world than Trane. Monk is an escape rather than involvement.

It would be nicer, I suppose, if the world was more like Monk . . . spare, funny, gentle, not too ambitious—child-like and like a child Monk is more complex than it seems at first. He is nothing to condescend to. Simplicity is not easily arrived at. What to leave out, as Hemingway knew as well as anybody, is every bit as important as what is included.

This is also the dilemma when deciding which of the new releases pouring continually out of the pressing plants we should listen to, let alone buy. These two are essential. MICHAEL ZWERIN



*Tim Hardin 3 Live in Concert* (Verve/Forecast FTS-3049)

There was a fairly recent Chinese painter of considerable talent. One of his paintings was that of a shrimp and it was both beautiful and well-received. From then on he painted nothing but shrimps. Over 900 of them. And it's a question fraught with Taoism and Maoism as to whether he was any less a painter because he did one subject a thousand different ways.

This is not to compare Tim Hardin's songs to shrimp. They are considerably larger than that. But they evoke the feeling, on occasion, that it is the same song done a thousand ways. Not that it's a bad song, just the same song.

This statement, even if taken with a grain of morphine, is sure to provoke rage among Tim's fans who frequently view him with nothing less than devotion. There is, to be sure, a very heavy charisma about Hardin and this album, recorded live at New York's Town Hall, last April, is evidence of both devotion and charisma.

It is also, as indicated, an experience in musical *deja vu*. As you hear Hardin follow "If I Were A Carpenter" with "Red Balloon," and hear "The Lady Came From Baltimore" on the same side as "Black Sheep Boy," you could swear you just heard the same song before.

There is also in evidence on this album that peculiar affectation of Hardin's voice that is perhaps part of his appeal. His rough, grainy voice always seems to be cracking on the verge of tears. He is, of course, not the first to use this. Gene Pitney carried it to some rather spectacular extremes, and did it well. But it is an affectation, have no doubt, for on his very first album—done on a (I think) Boston label called Pharoah and reissued by Atlantic—is Tim Hardin singing good blues with hardly a crack in his voice.

But Tim Hardin thinks of himself as a jazz singer rather than blues (it says so right on the liner notes.) And to provide proof, he varies a few of his standard songs, jazz-fashion, and he lapses into some scat singing which, while it won't blow the minds of any King Pleasure fans, is competent.

A couple of the songs he does, which don't sound too much like any of the others, are a couple of eulogies which are a lot closer to "Hey, hey, Woody Guthrie, I wrote you a song . . ." than to either blues or jazz. One is to Hank

Williams and the other to Lenny Bruce. Both would be better if they didn't have words.

"Lenny's Tune" is repetitious, dull, obscure and not a very good tribute to a man whose avoidance of the dull equaled his disdain for pretense. "Tribute to Hank Williams" is better, more developed and makes more sense. Writing lyrics is not really Hardin's forte. At times he approaches Rod McKuen in maudlin self-introspection. But you kind of hope he's more hip than that.

In spite of the above faults, Tim Hardin can sing, sometimes with expression and a few of his songs are things of beauty. "Reason to Believe" is one of those, although the version on this LP is not up to the one on *Tim Hardin #1*.

And this isn't a bad album. The back-up is OK. Mike Mainieri on the vibes does a particularly good job. It's just that if you're not a true believer in Tim Hardin, a little can go a long way and a lot can quickly cloy.

But if you're a Tim Hardin fan you'll ignore the criticism anyway.

ALEC DUBRO



*Masters Of Modern Blues: Volume 1: The Johnny Shines Band* (Testament T-2212). Volume 2: J. B. Hutto & The Hawks (Testament T-2213). Volume 3: Floyd Jones/Eddie Taylor (Testament T-2214)

I might dispute the title of this most excellent set of LP's. Though thoroughly electric, the blues presented here is no longer strictly *modern*. The modern blues of today is the style pioneered by B. B. King, in which the singing is gospel-influenced, and the instrumentation features a lead guitar doing highly improvisatory single-string lines, played off against a horn section. This is the style carried on by B. B.'s fellow Kings, Albert and Freddie, by Otis Rush, James Cotton and Junior Wells, and by the current Butterfield Band, Buddy Miles Express, etc. Having strong affinities both vocally and instrumentally, it mixes well with modern "soul" music.

The blues on these Testament LP's is in an altogether different bag. This is the blues that grew up in Chicago in the late 1940's, and reached its peak in the early 1950's with such musicians as Muddy Waters, Elmore James and Howlin' Wolf. It's much less eclectic and sophisticated than the B. B. style, which mirrors that artist's knowledge of music as far afield as Django Reinhardt's. This Chicago style has only one basic source: the Mississippi country blues of the pre-war years. Most of the musicians were born in or near the Mississippi Delta, and the music flourished among the huge numbers of ex-Mississippi blacks who settled in Chicago after World War II.

This Chicago blues is the very fountainhead of the modern blues revival. It was Muddy, Wolf and Elmore who originally inspired all the white groups from the Stones to the original Butterfield band to Canned Heat. Nowadays it's been overshadowed by the B. B. style. Elmore is dead, Wolf has modernized, and Muddy is trying to. But if these big names are no longer doing their original thing, there is a rich coterie of less famous musicians who are still giving their all to this, the original electric black blues.

There is Johnny Shines, ex-backup guitarist for Robert Johnson; Big Walter Horton, who first recorded in 1927 with the Memphis Jug Band; J. B. Hutto, Elmore James' number one bottleneck student; Eddie Taylor, mainstay of Jimmy Reed's band; Floyd Jones, who wrote Canned Heat's "On the Road Again." All of these men were heard on titanic records made in the 1950's (many of them now available on the Blues Classics label.)

Shines, Hutto and Horton are also featured (along with several groups play-

ing in the more modern styles) on Vanguard's 1965 3-LP set *Chicago: The Blues Today*, an invaluable but too-hastily-recorded survey. Testament's *Masters of Modern Blues* is more limited in scope. Much of the same band appears on all three albums. This makes for a certain sameness of sound; only the most hardened blues freaks will want to play all six sides at one sitting. But far more important, it presents both the featured musicians and the sidemen in much greater depth, compared with the often superficial and ill-rehearsed sounds heard on Vanguard. They are in better form, more at ease and more communicative.

Johnny Shines, as we might expect, brings us closest to the music's Mississippi roots. With and without the bottleneck, he gives much evidence of having absorbed Robert Johnson's style—and the general Delta tradition—very well. Traditionalists will especially dig "Rollin' & Tumblin'," "Mr. Tom Green's Farm" and "Walkin' Blues," on which only bass and/or drums back up Shines' "talking guitar." On the cuts featuring the full five-piece group (with Horton on harp and Otis Spann on piano) the guitar takes a more subsidiary role.

By moving the tone arm around a bit, you can derive from this one album a very good idea of how the Chicago sound was built up from the original Delta sound, by gradual addition of instruments. Even when the whole band is going (as on "Sweet Home Chicago") you can still pick out the Robert Johnson licks in Shines' guitar. The band isn't quite as tight here as on Volumes 2 and 3, and the electric bass doesn't quite fit in, but the Delta magic is nonetheless very much with us here.

J. B. Hutto is a younger man, born in Georgia, who learned his blues after coming to the Windy City. He also uses a lot of bottleneck, and you'd hardly guess he wasn't a Delta native. But his style is a little more streamlined than Shines; it reflects the fact that he started out as an electric band musician, rather than adapting himself to electricity as modern outlook. Though Hutto's sound is farther removed from the Delta and its special magic than in Shines, his album is the most immediately appealing of the three, and certainly the best choice for a starter.

Album 3, featuring a pair of artists who have made much of their reputation as sidemen, is a real tribute to the Chicago band sound at its peak. Though both vocalists are very moving, neither is quite the showman Hutto is. We hear them as integral parts of the texture rather than as strongly dominant elements. On this album we can really appreciate the talents of Big Walter Horton, probably Chicago's greatest living harp player, and of the fantastic Otis Spann (who very tastefully keeps his piano playing relatively simple here, functioning as a peerless band musician rather than as the elegant soloist he can be in other contexts).

Technically, the recordings lack (by just a hairbreadth) the punch and presence Chess was able to get in the 1950's, but they do have the advantage of authentic and well-mixed stereo. They're certainly better than most Chicago blues recordings made since that Golden Age, especially the Vanguard set. Producer Pete Welding didn't worry, thank God, about a little distortion here and there. Mr. Welding, best known as a free-lance writer, has a seemingly unique knack for making no-bullshit records of the blues; these albums are eloquent testimony to the fact that this music hardly needs the souped-up packaging to which it is so often subjected. BARRET HANSEN

## The Listener

it's the eyes  
of the listener  
that you notice first  
halfclosed  
eyes like sailingships  
at rest  
on still water  
the eyes listening  
you notice  
first  
the music of the eyes  
and then you notice  
the smile

—Steve Crumley



# SF Rock Biz Booms

—Continued from Page 12

Fillmore to give bands national exposure. If a band can build an audience for itself through this progression, then the risk of recording them is significantly reduced."

"A group has a better chance in San Francisco, because this cycle already exists here, and it's just a matter of fitting into it," the banker says. "What chance has a band in Kansas City, where there is no such phenomenon, got to make it nationally?" This explains the presence of some 35-40 bands on the scene, says Phillips.

A rock band with a healthy following in the San Francisco Bay Area is assured of selling 10-15,000 LP's here alone, enough to break even if nobody else in the country buys one.

Once the record is made, the hyperactive San Francisco AM-FM rock radio industry assures that it is beamed at every listener who has the slightest interest.

When the bank speaks of *rock*, it doesn't mean the specific style but refers rather to the music preferred by a certain group of people. To be very precise: "A homogeneous group of consumers who share the same life-style—we see them as a market. This rock market keeps growing in size. The original market is getting older and picking up more young people: growing internally and externally.

"The rock culture, or whatever you want to call it, is an extremely cohesive community of people, in terms of their tastes," says Phillips. "The music they'll be listening to ten years from now may be markedly different from rock today. But they will all listen to the same thing, and in that way they are a consistent market. It's a market that's tied somehow with drug use.

"We don't know exactly how this works, or how you demonstrate it, but the musicians all say they get the biggest audiences where there is the heaviest drug traffic, places where there's lots of pot busts. And when you ask anyone in the rock business which groups are going to be big six months from now, the name of a hard-acid band always comes up."

Phillips notes that the San Francisco Bay Area is "many years ahead of the rest of the country" in terms of drug use—and this figures as a positive factor for the economy of the rock business here.

The high Bay Area standard of living figures significantly into the picture. The young people of the Bay Area have more money to spend, Phillips estimates, than those of any other part of the country, except for New York and the immediate Eastern seaboard.

Businessmen always look for "indicators"—factors that predict trends. A significant one on the rock front is the presence (or lack) of studio musicians. There are few in San Francisco now, and if the city is to become a recording center the need for many will be great.

"We'll be able to predict just how big this is going to become in two or three years, when we see how many studio musicians the rock economy can sustain," Phillips notes. "That may be the key factor in this."

The Bank of California is still trying to find its role in the city's rock explosion—to do what banks do: turn their money into more money—and toward this end, Phillips is discreetly seeking two or three local bands to "experiment" with.

The loss of the Avalon Ballroom—through the revocation of Family Dog's license to operate there—is viewed as a serious threat by Phillips. "If the unknowns don't have a place to become known," he says, "then you're cutting off the life blood. Chet Helms had a way of presenting the best unknowns, and that's vital to the economics of this whole thing."

For this reason—and because Phillips seems genuinely to like Helms—it is likely he will do what he can to help Family Dog get a license to operate elsewhere in the city. "Chet made the mistake of not trying to muster the full support of the city establishment. It can be done."

While most of the Bank of California's senior officers are in their 40's and 50's—and don't dig rock in the least—they are realistic enough to look beyond their own tastes in music. Phillips says his report hasn't gotten a single hostile reaction from them.



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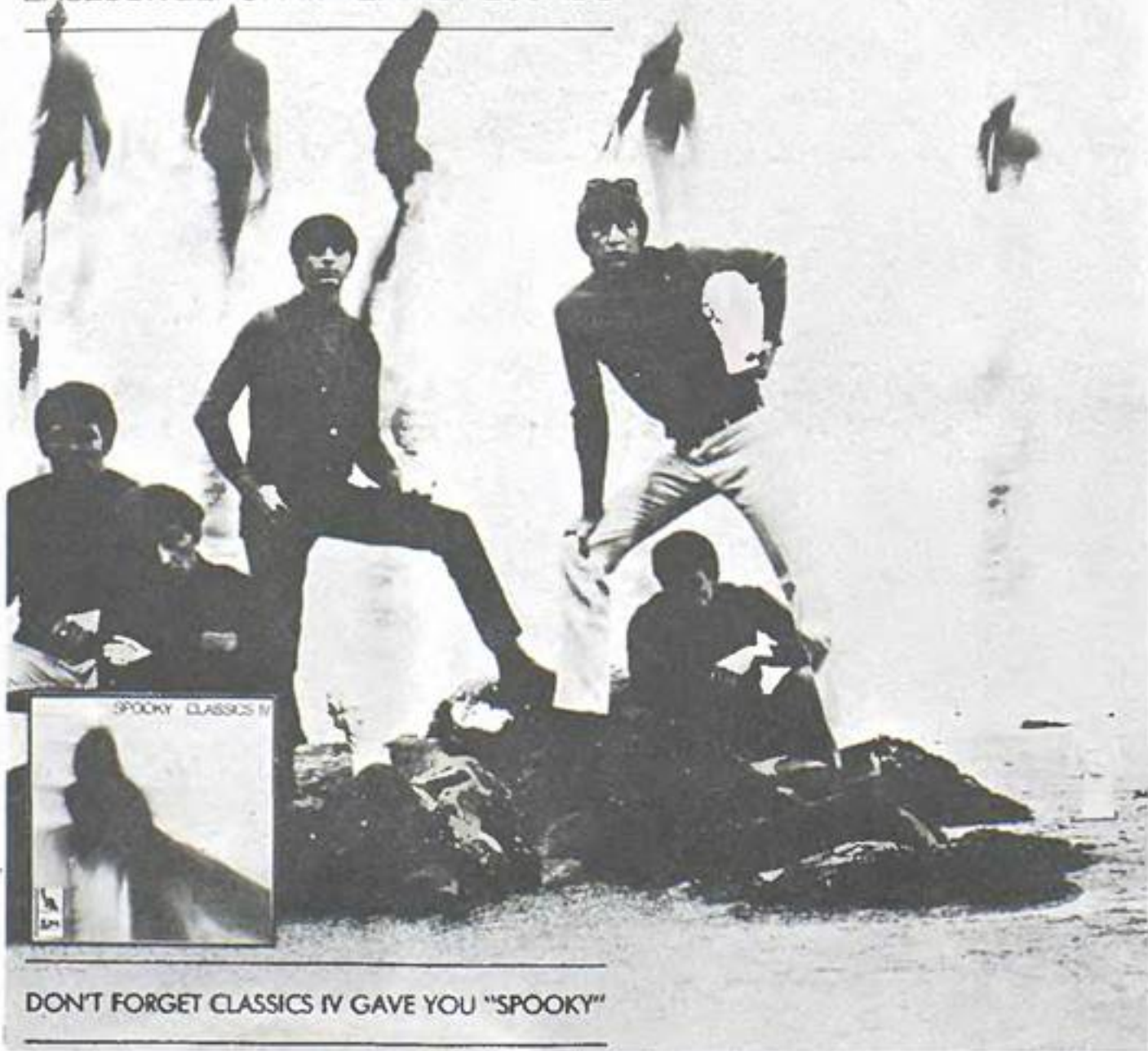
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